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With the Women Who Wait

THE WORLD'S FIRST ACCREDITED WOMAN WAR CORRESPONDENT HAS WATCHED MEN SHED BLOOD AND WOMEN SHED TEARS — SURELY SHE KNOWS WHERE PITILESS WAR HITS HARDEST

[By "Kit"]

IT is not man only that War grips—crushing the heart—but it is Woman as well. Woman, the non-fighter, the passive, the patient being. In time of war a burning anxiety to be doing something seizes her. It sets her to knitting socks, night caps, wristlets. Every bone, every nerve in her wants to help. The whole sex, from the girl of sixteen, the young mother brooding over her babes, the single woman of forty and over, to the grandmother, is simply a mother now. There is nothing not sex—though motherhood is the outlet of sex for a woman—so strong in a feminine creature as maternity. To help "the boys," to keep them warm, snug; then to kneel down and pray for them—this is woman in war time. When her mourning hour comes, few will see her tears.

Not to many women has it come to see blood shed in war time. It is not a nice sight. Time accustoms the ear to the sound of guns booming, to the sound of cannonading, of explosions. Just as we become accustomed to hearing carts and cars rattle along the streets so we may become accustomed to hearing the crash of artillery. But not all shot men die easily.

The writer—naturally not in woman's apparel—once lodged in a trench in company with a New York newsboy, a little beggar who had "beat" his way down on the Seguranca, the Comal—but the name of the transport doesn't matter. It was a queer lodgment and an odd comradeship. But we saw things. Better we had never seen them. They will not bear description. Such would affront you, harass you, haunt you. Suffice it, the child and the woman were trembling. Only in the mind of the woman motherhood was working. She had a little fellow of her own, at home in Canada—a small sturdy man, such as these grown and ardent men were once to their mothers.

In Wartime Woman 'Mothers' [Not Only Her Own but All 'the Boys'

A man doesn't grow away from his mother. He thinks he does, but she knows otherwise. She sits silent, and very proud, while he is out fighting—making a position and a name for himself in the big battle we call Life. But let him ail, let him grow sick or weak, and he—big and brawny and fine—is just her baby again.

And this is how a woman feels in war time. She mothers not only her own, but all "the boys." From fine house and little home alike the women have knit their love with every twist of the needle into the loops of wool. Out in the country can the farmer's wife or girl tell what lad will be wearing the work of her hands? Does she care? Not she. She is working for her boy. He may be another's but he is hers for the hour.

In the Cuban-American war a prominent member of the Daughters of the Revolution told me that five thousand pyjamas, each with a loving and encouraging note in the breast pocket, had been sent to the "boys in blue" at the front. So far as I know not one sleeping suit ever reached the men at Santiago. Where they went I cannot say. Perhaps to the Sisters' Hospital at Key West; perhaps to Tampa. I never saw, during three months' lasting, one soldier in anything but the uniform he came down in, in May, and which was glued to his back by blood and sweat.

And the great want of the men seemed to be food and tobacco. The heavy kit was thrown away. The Cuban negroes—for that is all they were—followed calmly and picked things up. It struck me then, as now, that the things most needed for men on the march are canned food in the way of soup, or pemmican, and 'baccy. I know that there are good ladies who are averse to giving a chap a smoke. But one can go too far with that sort of notion. Were I a millionaire, or half one, I would give my lads all they wanted for a bit of smoke.

They make fun of a woman in war. They had their joke out with me in Cuba. It was an Englishman who wrote his joke for, I think, the London Daily Mail. He rather laughed at

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the "woman-war correspondent" in that lofty English way. He made delightful fun of her. But I think, she "beat him to it." At least one never met him in Cuba and the newsboy in the trenches knew nothing of him. A lamed Cockney—how ever did *he* get there?—to whom one told the story, merely remarked.

"'E worn't a pard, were 'e, Missus?" —Which consoled one.

Coming home on the transport Comal, was not exactly heaven. The men aboard were sick. The correspondents were weary. So was the woman. She, lucky individual, had a whole stateroom to herself, with a mattress, sans sheets, covers, towels. And filled with cockroaches. The food at the officers' and correspondents' table was—rotten. More I dare not say.

But, and this is war as the woman who is writing saw it:—

"'E WORN'T A PARD, WERE 'E, MISSUS?"

There was a big man aboard, one of the Rough Riders. His chum and pal, the known widely as "Bucky O'Neill," was shot on the side of a hill, and every day, this poor, shaken, big, fine fellow, would cry amid his tears, his stifling groans, to tell how his friend, whom later he went out to rescue, had had "his eyes picked out" by the baldheaded johnny crows of the tropics.

I thought then, as I think now, of that verse in Revelation: "And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, 'Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God:

'That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great."

And down there, down in Tampa before the boys moved, it was the baskets from the mothers and wives and sisters at home that helped. Listen to what a "little officer boy" said to me. Maybe he wasn't very grand as to grammar, but he was a fighting man and a "good 'un:"

"It ain't no picnic," said the boy officer, in a plaintivevoice. "I thought it was when I came, but I'm getting that drove right out of me now. If it wasn't for the baskets our folks send along, I don't know what us boys'd do."

"Do you really get baskets?"

"I guess we do;" the young fellow's face cheered up wonderfully. "There's hardly a day but some of the fellows get stuff from their mothers or girls. At first I couldn't eat rations at all, but I'm gettin' over that, and think fat bacon and hard tack are not so bad after all. Of course the good things from home help us out."

"Children," I said to myself, as I bade good evening to the young fellow, and turned away towards the Florida lines, "just children, in spite of all their guns and valour and eagerness. God bless my soul, what a big part women have to play in the world after all: We have to mother them, the poor boys of the world, from the cradle to the grave."

War Brings Greater Anguish to Those Who Can Only "Sit and Knit"

And if one felt it then—the big mothering heart stirring—what of it now? All women everywhere are feeling it. The German *haus-frau*—ah, think of her without news, waiting, listening; the Frenchwoman, buoyant, daring, and adorable, thinking of poor brave and laughter-loving "Piou-Piou." The women of Britain, silent, patient, *bearing* women; the women of Canada of the same grim, grand old breed. Do not think for a moment that we sit at our ease. The passive role is more difficult than the active one. There are few of us Canadian women, who would not gladly gird ourselves for the fight to hold together the mighty empire, now warring to help those weaker than she is; to guard the children, to do "big things," to help put down a mad Emperor.

Alas! we can do nothing but sit and knit!

But the spirit of patriotism burns brightly throughout this wide Dominion. You have heard no note of complaint, no whining from the women. They have given—God! God! what have they not given! The little maid on your floor has delightedly given her "quarter." The poor charwoman has given her man, and her "quarter." The old woman round the corner has given the work of her weary old fingers. Oh, but these *are* tributes. But the greatest—the mother has given her boy!

No one remembers how beautiful once were the flowers in the garden; how trimly kept the gravel walks; how well cooked the joint, the fowl, the fish for dinner, how well and daintily laid the table; how well minded through puling, crying nights—the baby.

All woman's work—every hour and all the time! The little as well as the big things.

And now we are forced to sit quiet!

Last night in my home town there came the blare of the bugle, I went to the window. The boys in khaki were marching. The street resounded to the tramp of their feet. And I began to cry. The drum seemed to be beating on a human heart—

And, oh believe me—I wept.

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"MY HEART BLEEDS FOR LOUVAIN"

Napoleon Wins

"WHY DADDY, POLE SMITH IS A REGULAR SURE-FOR-TRULY, CROSS-MY-HEART, HOPE-TO-MY-DIE FELLOW," MARJORIE ASSURED HIM

BEING THE STORY OF A REAL ESTATE DEAL, A SUPER-EXTRA GRIN AND A MAN WHO MADE GOOD ON THE NAME OF NAPOLEON

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "A Smash in the Ear," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," etc.

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CAPTAIN HAMMOND passed the gate of the modest Smith residence at a good round clip, for he had his usual scant seconds to catch the eight twenty-seven. An elastic step at his side suddenly swung into perfect accord with his heel and toe rhythm, and a young voice, which nevertheless sounded like that of a "regular man," bade him a very cheerful good morning. At that moment Captain Hammond was answering the morning mail which he had not yet seen. The Eureka Iron Mills was behind in its orders, and there would be not less than eight fiery protests from complaining customers. Without looking around, he merely said, "Unh!"

"Mr. Hammond, I want a job," was the next remark of the voice. Captain Hammond was just then answering suppositious letter number six, which was about the worst of the lot; so he frowned and turned to find himself looking slightly upward, straight into the grin of young Napoleon Smith.

Now the grin of young Napoleon was the most infectious and ingratiating joy ever devised. Every feature of his well-muscled face took part in it, from his blue eyes to his white teeth. It shot right at you; it warmed the cockles of your heart; it made your world a bright and a cheerful place to live in, and it made you firmly believe that whatever Napoleon Smith said or did was just about right.

Meeting that grin, Captain Hammond relaxed and smiled in spite of himself.

"What can you do?" he asked, looking at young Smith again, this time critically and a little enviously, too; for a clear, boyish complexion and an athletic body full of good, sound nerves are gifts which pass with youth.

"Hustle," stated young Smith in reply to the question.

This time Captain Hammond laughed outright.

"That's the most valuable asset you can own," he declared. "Your name's Smith, isn't it?"

Napoleon admitted that it was.

"How you kids do grow up!" said the captain wonderingly, with a thought of his own gray head.

The eight twenty-seven just then whistled for Briarscot, and both men started to run.

"Bless me," puffed the captain, when they had plumped into a seat and were speeding onward, "even golf don't restore my wind. Do you golf?"

"Not yet," replied Smith, shaking his head and grinning.

Again Captain Hammond laughed.

"You're right that it's an old man's game, after all; also it's a delusion and a snare. Fat old men lose no weight at it, and thin ones gain no muscle."

"But about that job?" suggested young Smith again.

"Oh, yes," said the captain, and unconsciously he frowned once more. "I don't know of a thing at our place. We're crowded with applications, but I don't suppose those applicants are all hustlers. You say you've had no business experience at all?"

"None that I care to tell about," replied the other, smiling reminiscently. "All through college I served as a correspondent for various papers, and through vacations I worked on general assignments on the World. It was a good school. I met a lot of business people in that way, and became acquainted with a queer lot of business methods. I could go to work on the Herald now, but the occupation doesn't seem to promise much of a future."

The captain nodded his head with a jerk.

"Choosing a profession is like making a wise investment," he said. "Not one in a hundred succeed in picking the right ones. I understand your father's estate didn't cut up quite so well as was expected?"

"No," returned young Smith cheerfully. "It totaled to exactly nothing, and nothing to carry. You don't think then, that there is anything in your place?"

"Not just now," said the captain. "However, I shall bear you in mind."

Napoleon arose and looked at the captain and merely grinned.

"Pardon me," he said, "I see one of the scouts of the Tribune up there; he may know something," and he made his vigorous way to the forward end of the car.

II.

CAPTAIN HAMMOND strode into his office and fired off his usual morning question.

"Where's Bluffing?" he demanded.

"Not down yet," said the girl of the straw-colored hair, slightly worried.

The captain went into his usual morning fit of temper, and in that attitude pounced upon the letters of complaint, of which fortunately he found only four. Two of the answers he tore up later in the day, for they were undiplomatic. About half an hour later, Bluffing, a young man with a big straw hat and puffs under his eyes strolled in, smoking a cigarette, and, after a moment's deliberation, decided that he might as well work as not.

"Mr. Bluffing," said the captain, "I'd like to remind you that the address of this office is 710 Green Street, and that we look forward with eager anticipation to the pleasure of your society between the hours of nine and twelve and one and five. If those hours seem a trifle inconvenient to you, you might state so in

writing and I'll put the matter up to the Board of Directors."

"Very sorry, Mr. Hammond," said Bluffing, with a wink at the straw-haired girl. "You see, we got caught in a jam at——"

"I don't give a continental what held you," responded Mr. Hammond, having just found a fifth complaint, which he had overlooked. "The point is that we want you here at nine o'clock, with no excuse short of a broken leg."

On the second mail an excessively large order soothed the captain somewhat, and at noon the arrival of a tall, black-haired young lady with a color in her cheeks which never came from a chemist's shop, soothed him still more.

"I suppose you have a lot of old business engagements for luncheon, haven't you, daddy? Now tell me yes," she said.

"But I am going to tell you no," replied the captain, all smiles.

"Then," she informed him with a mock courtesy, "I am going to allow you to buy some eclairs and things for a stunning young lady to whom you may point with pride."

"By George, Margie," said the captain, now as gentle as any suckling lamb, "how you have developed! There is just a little bit of a pang in that last remark of yours. Some of these days it will be some other fellow's place to point with pride and fill all other male hearts with envy."

"Indeed!" she said quite loftily. "Maybe that time has already come."

"Who's the fellow?" he wanted to know, with a genuine anxiety which he carefully attempted to conceal.

"Oh, lots of them!" she gayly returned.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, much relieved. "My! My! My! Margie, it only seems yesterday that you were a little bit of a kid."

"You oughtn't to remind me of it, daddy, because while no woman wants to become old, it takes such a long, long time to grow up. And while they may indulge in fairy-tale wishes, growing up is the biggest thing that kids really want."

INDEED THERE'S NOT ROOM," DECLARED BILLY. "GO AWAY, POLE SMITH. I'M MAKING LOVE"

He laughed and closed his eyes for a second.

"That's twice to-day I've remarked how kids grow up," he said. "I had a queer experience this morning with young Smith, up in our suburb."

"Pole Smith?" she inquired.

"Pole!" he repeated.

"Yes; Napoleon, you know. We called him Pole because he was such a gangling, spindle-legged youngster when we organized the Briarscot Tennis Club. Since he's grown handsome he doesn't like the name very much, so we call it to him all the time.

"You know him pretty well, then?"

"Why, he fairly haunts our front porch! Haven't you seen him there?"

"No."

"Yes, you have, I know; but you're a fine, trustful daddy, and you never put a microscope on the young men I bring around."

"How could I, Margie?" he said, clasping the hand which had rested upon the edge of his desk. "How could I, when in every speech and in every action and in every thought you are so nearly the image of your dear mother?"

"That's nice," she said, pulling his ear. "I don't believe any of the young men ever said a prettier thing to me. They're all nice-saying young men, too."

"What sort of a fellow is this Pole Smith?" he asked.

Continued on page 57.

"STOP YOUR BLATHERIN', TERRANCE," SHE COMMANDED. "HURRY UP AN' FINISH THE BUSINESS WITH THIS YOUNG MAN. I LIKE THE CHEERFUL FACE OF HIM"

The Case of Margie Fiske

EVERY GIRL WHO TRAMPS THE GRIM PAVED STREETS LOOKING FOR WORK KNOWS ALL ABOUT MARGIE. SOME BY BITTER EXPERIENCE, SOME BY INTUITION

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Helen A. Haselton

TIME, the present, is a barrier developed by our inability to see behind or ahead. When we cease to be, we, the fussy, foolish little snow-fort builders who play that gold is to be striven for, kings are to be obeyed, Paris is to be taken, then Time will cease also among the rest of the illusions and from rim to rim of Eternity what has been, will be what is; and what is to be, will be the inescapable resultant of both.

You've read about God, perhaps, and a Great White Throne and Books to be opened? If it were not so written, it would in any case have to be. Else how should Kaiser Wilhelm II., who never stepped foot in Canada, come to know about—and to pay for—the case of Margie Fiske?

Nineteen years ago when the War-lord was planning to get Heligoland and build the Kiel Canal, to smash England on the sea and ram his bayonet down the hot throat of Paris, Margie lay under Ontario appletrees because her mother'd put her on her back and she hadn't yet found out how to crawl.

To-day, the Kaiser had the island and the canal. He also thought he had Paris. And Margie, sitting out on a park bench, had her last paycheck.

Generally speaking, Margie was all big blue eyes and a grin. She could also do the maxixe with the gum-wad she kept under the edge of Fulton-Mackenzie and Co.'s typewriter desk better than any of the seventeen Pitmanettes in her department. Margie herself had no shorthand since she had never dug up the money nor the ambition to study. She just did the invoices that the office slapped on her desk from eight-thirty to six. And when they were done, she grinned. You can smile just because you're a girl. But you've got to have a sense of humor under your tango twist to know enough to grin.

But there was no grin now.

Five weeks ago "They" had declared War. Margie hadn't followed the career of the Kaiser either before or since. She just knew that there were newsboys. And bands. And autos with flags—she had bought one for a dime. And Dick from the Billing was in the Q. O. R.

It was all very exciting and a little shivery. But it didn't distract in the least from the pleasure of the new $10.50 black velvet peach of a hat with the dead-white flowers that she couldn't afford—and bought of course—out of her eight a week. Neither did it injure the taste of the cocoa she and Beryl made on their one-burner oilstove and served to the two boys who sat on two steamer trunks in their one-room "flat."

"You'll be hearin' of the War first thing you know," Fred had said only last night. Fred was Beryl's cousin and a steady at the flat. "Somebody told me the Fulton-Macks were goin' to drop a few thousand men. You girls'd have nothin' to do but visit."

"Gee," sighed Beryl, "wouldn't that be the fun! Wisht Mr. Graham'd enlist. Of all the crazy, cross——"

And so on into office gossip which is quite as thrilling as the society kind, and apt to be truthfuller.

Next day was pay day, always a roseate dream and a bad fulfiller. Eight dollars looked so big and green and crackly in prospect, and so hanged little when you went to pay for one of those new capes, or a fall suit, or even a swell pair o' pumps and a veil.

But this pay-day—

Margie shivered in the late summer twilight as she recalled it. She could hear Miss Wallace yet.

"I'm sorry, Miss Fiske, but you see the firm's slack and so—"

Yes. And so—. Double pay. The Fulton-Macks were good through every inch of their church-going souls, but you couldn't keep a bunch of stenographers when you'd just dropped seven and a half millions in first payments due on goods shipped to three hell-blazing European countries, could you? They'd cut three thousand five hundred men from their factory pay roll and they'd dropped twenty in the office. It was all perfectly fair and necessary, granted the Kaiser. But

VERY SLOWLY SHE WALKED HOME THROUGH THE DUSK, TRYING TO REARRANGE HER VIEWS OF LIFE

it was infernally hard on Margie.

She had turned away dazed. Last night Fred and—and the other man, had discussed one's chances of landing another job under present abnormal conditions of the labor market. To be sure, the other man had been holding Margie's hand as he talked, and words don't carry a very clear significance, when one's brain is busy elsewhere. But she had gathered enough to be jolly glad the gum-wad under Desk Three was *her* gum-wad.

And now—

Yes, they might need her back. Say in six months, if Kitchener held heaven on his side. But even at that, what was a girl to live on with nothing a week, and five owing on her hat, and Beryl, also jobless, going home to Woodstock to her mother?

That brought back the stingingest memory of all, the horrible haunting thing that had sent her out under the trees to think.

Margie had met—him—outside the office, dropping in with his samples. For even if half the staff was to be dismissed, the rest would need carbon paper.

"Hello, Marg!" He'd said, with the quick lightening of his eyes that filled her cheeks with blazing color and sent the blood pounding into her brain.

She had managed to tell him about the lost job. He'd whistled. Told her to wait a jiffy. Disappeared behind the glazed door and come out again. Then they'd gone for a walk.

God! how it hurt.

She remembered that she had hesitated, stammered, hated herself for her doubts. He had been so very outspoken about his love all summer and so strangely reticent about its future. But now, in view of this tumbling to pieces of her financial universe, she just had to know.

So, with the queer directnesss that she'd got from some U. E. Loyalist north-trekking ancestor, she finally asked him, straight out, when it would be. Even then—heaven help her—he had not understood.

"*Marry you?*" he had said at last, bewilderment, incredulity in his tone, "but I don't want to marry anybody, kid! Did I ever say I did? Honest, you're a good little pal, you know, but a man like me can't afford to keep a wife. Love you? Of course I do. And I know you're straight too, but I don't want to tie up anywhere. I'm only twenty-four and I've got my place to make."

They were walking down King Street, but Margie didn't hear the clang of the street cars, nor the hand-organ grinding out the Miserere. She just heard Beryl's voice as they'd looked into the bureau drawer last night.

IN THE MEANTIME SHE COULD GO TO HER ROOM AND TRY ON THE LAST MAID'S CAP

"Say, Marg, of all the swell lonjree! Honest, I never knew you could sew till you was engaged."

Yep. She'd told her that. Margery had been brought up in the country and she was unsophisticated enough to think—poor little blue eyes—that when a man told a girl, a good girl, that he loved her, when he came night after night and taught her to love him till the world held nothing else, that then of course he meant orange blossoms, and a wedding ring, and other things too shyly holy to even think about.

She had got away somehow without letting him see. Or did he see and just not care? Anyhow, she wouldn't risk being at home to-night in case he came. Beryl would say she had a headache. If she were home and heard his voice she would go to him of course. She knew that. So she'd stay under the trees.

Far away there was a band playing "O Canada." They were drilling, those excited boys. Well, that was easy. It was something doing anyhow, something to look forward to. A bullet in your brain was better than an ache in your heart. Margie spread her little thin left hand out on her black skirt. There'd never be a wedding ring there now.

The clock tolled ten. He'd have come by this time, found Beryl at her packing and gone away. She could go home. Beyond that, she had no idea. All the offices were cutting down their staffs and the factories were turning away old hands. Miss Wallace had suggested service but, like most independent young Canadians, Margie resented invitations to use the back-door and entertain friends in the kitchen. Besides, she had her double envelope. Even with the hat money out, that left eleven dollars. And the rent was paid for two weeks longer. She could live a long time on eleven dollars if she was careful.

Very slowly she walked home trying to rearrange her views of life. There was just Margie, now—no little home with a window-box and a canary and a kitten like she'd had long ago in the country, no shadowy Somebody to cook for and to tidy up after. There wasn't even any soul-numbing office to go to to-morrow. And some other girl would find the gum.

"Did he come?" she asked Beryl, bending over toward the mirror so's her roommate wouldn't see.

"Yeh," said that lady, still stuffing shoes and blouses and picture post-cards into her trunk, "he was some mad too, believe me. He wanted to come in and see if you was sick like I said but I wouldn't let him. What'd you quarrel about?"

"Nothing," said Margie.

Beryl was going to-morrow and needn't know. Thank heaven that little bit of humiliation was spared.

Next morning Margery went down to the Union to see her friend off. When you've no job you might's well.

"Write first ?"

"No, you write first."

"No, you. I wanta know about you an'—you know—"

On her way uptown Margie bought a paper and took it to the Slossons' Rest Room. She didn't read the war. She had never thought of herself as a victim. She merely looked over the want ads.

Housemaids — cook — housemaid — nursemaid — school teacher — dining-room girl—ha, there you are, *shirt-waist operator*! Can't afford to be finicky, Margery. How about that ?

"Are you experienced ?" the foreman asked.

"No."

"Well, we don't want no green hands, let me tell you. There's millions of 'em here in Toronto. You wasn't in a factory before, was you ?"

"No, office work," she said.

"Well, you won't get that, nor factory work neither. It's my belief that we'll have a power o' trouble this winter. Hope to God it ain't as cold as last."

He was kind. He wanted to help. But he couldn't. Margie tried to say that over and over to keep the tears from dripping on the trim black suit.

It began to rain. She tried the corset factory, the shoe factory, even the carpet works where you went at 7.30 and started at two and a half a week. Nobody wanted a green hand. Margie went home, bought half a pound of chocolates out of sheer lonesomeness and spent the evening looking out at the drizzle and crying for Beryl and—

"No!" said Margie fiercely, "I'm not crying for him. I hate him! I hate him!"

Late that night there was a knock on the door.

"A gentleman to see you downstairs."

"Tell him I'm sick," said Margery.

All the next day the little shoes tramped Toronto. Margie was wary of spending an unnecessary nickel by this time. One office had advertised for a stenographer but when she got there she was told she was the fifteenth although it was only ten o'clock. Besides, she hadn't her shorthand, you know, even though she was desperate enough by this time to chance bluffing it.

A little later in the day she found herself on the well-remembered road to Fulton Mackenzie's. Maybe Miss Wallace would know of something. In the old far-away, gum-chewing days, Margie had rather despised Miss W. for a sharp-featured, sharp-witted old maid who'd got to the top of the office but couldn't get a man. When she reached the door she found a lump in her throat. Miss Wallace looked so good, and the typewriters all clicking sounded homey. If they'd only take her on again at five or even four-fifty, she'd try to live on it.

"No, I can't," said Miss Wallace. Her eyes were very kind behind her glasses. But then, so were the eyes of the shirtwaist foreman and the girl at the corset factory. They all wanted to help. But they were being crushed themselves.

"This war, you know," Miss Wallace went on, "we're letting three more girls go next week."

Letting them go! Margie's ears took in the irony of it. As though they wanted to leave! She wondered as she looked at the sleek heads, which ones of the girls would don their unpaid-for hats for the last time next Saturday.

"Haven't you any home, Miss Fiske ?"

"No, Miss Wallace—that is, father's out on the farm but he married again and there's five children anyhow without me."

The one-time tyrant nodded sympathetically. She knew.

She took Margie's address. Would let her know if she heard of anything. But she was afraid—

That night Margie made her decision. Back door or no back door, she'd go into service.

She tried the first place, without the faintest suspicion that she wouldn't be taken.

"Can you cook ?"

"No'm—that is—well, I haven't cooked much lately."

The lady's face softened. Most people's faces did soften when they looked at Margie. She was so very pretty and of late there was such a pathetic little droop to her kissable mouth.

"Have you ever been in service, dear ?"

"No'm," said Margie again, "I was in the office at Fulton Mackenzie's. But I can't do shorthand, just type, and I haven't been able to get another place."

The lady had a thought-wave from somewhere to the effect that she ought to ask this pretty child right in and give her a cup of tea, but she was late for the Red Cross meeting anyhow, and if the 48th didn't get the housewives that she was to make, who'd sew on the buttons when the Kaiser shot them off ?

So Margie went slowly down the steps again and tried four more places before dark.

That night there was a note on the hatrack and later a second announcement of a gentleman in the parlor. But Margie said, "Now I lay me down to sleep" until she heard the front door slam.

It was a week later that she landed a job. She had thirty-three cents in her purse and her shoes were worn out and she hadn't answered Beryl's letter. But she could look into her own eyes in the tiny cheap little mirror and know that if her mother had lived, she could have gone to her with her head up.

They had taken her at this last house even though she couldn't cook, They were to give her twelve a month, two nights a week and every second Sunday afternoon. There were no children.

The girl who had engaged her was little older than Margie herself. And she wasn't pretty at all. But she was an M. A. and she taught Trigonometry for a living, which is nineteen storeys above making pies. She was Miss Harrington and her sister was Miss Etta and her aunt was another Miss Harrington. Margie could consider herself a lucky girl. She could read Mr. Harrington's theological books if she wanted to and sit in the sitting-room if there was no one else there.

In the meantime she could go to her room—via the back stairs—and try on the last maid's cap.

It was a tiny room, so short that the little bed and the littler radiator filled its length, and so narrow that it had just space for a washstand and Margie's steamer trunk. There was no bureau and no clothes cupboard though the schoolteacher Miss Harrington, who was never at home except during the holidays, had a whole inviolable chamber to herself and so of course had the other two ladies.

The walls had been papered years ago when the Harrington taste ran to red chrysanthemums on a blue ground. Successive maids had punched holes in this doubtful decoration tacking up and taking down their successive picture postcards. The one ornament that remained, like Mt. Robson above the clouds, was a faded purple motto with silver lettering that hung above the hard little bed.

"Sweet Rest In Heaven!" read Margie, but she was too tired to laugh, and the old grin had somehow got packed into Beryl's trunk.

She went downstairs at last, fiercely conscious of the tiny badge of servitude on her head, only to be confronted by the Trigonometry Miss Harrington.

"We've been without a maid for the past week, Margery," she said, not unkindly, "and the dishes have—er—accumulated. You'd better do them before dinner."

"Accumulated! I should say they had," said Margie under her breath, surveying a cluttered sink and littered table, the tea leaves spilled on the floor. The air was stale with frying and every saucepan in the house had been used. Some of them were burnt beyond recall.

"Would it be possible to make myself a cup of tea first, Miss Harrington?" the new maid asked meekly. She didn't explain that she had had no lunch and such a supposition never occurred to her employer.

"No, Margery," said Miss Harrington, with as good an imitation of her aunt's manner as she could achieve, "I don't believe in allowing the maids to eat between meals. English girls are proverbially wasteful of tea and this is War time. But then you aren't English are you?"

Margery didn't answer.

"*Don't talk, don't talk!*" she said to herself fiercely, "you're a maid, remember, and maids shouldn't make tea nor answer back."

By the time the dishes were done, Margie was too tired to be the deft-handed assistant that Miss Etta expected in getting the dinner. Miss Etta was goodhearted, but she was just a schoolgirl. She'd never lived nor loved nor had a friend nor made an enemy. Consequently, she just didn't understand. She thought the new maid sullen because of her white face and her silence, and when she dropped the salad dressing into the cream, Miss Etta said something about untrained girls and twelve a month that brought a hot flush to Margie's cheeks.

She waited on table in a haze of weariness, bewilderment and anger. Of course she made mistakes and equally of course it was irritating just when Miss Harrington had her friend from Vassar who knew all the forks from here to Boston. What neither Margery nor her employers realized in full, was the War-time, out-of-work tension that had complicated the new maid's initiation into her new place.

By the time dinner was over, everything was cold but Margery. She was blazing, physically and mentally, and she couldn't eat anything. She drank a cup of tepid tea, washed the dishes mechanically, and then, although it wasn't her evening out, she went upstairs and put her hat on. She took a long look at herself in the cheap mirror and went out, taking the key of her flat.

She didn't know how many hours she'd been sitting on the park bench when a man dropped into place beside her.

"Lord, kid, but it's good to see you," he said with the old lightening of his eyes that sent all the blood in the girl's body pounding into her brain, "you've been side stepping me lately, haven't you? Honest now, where've you been and who's the new he?"

For a moment Margie didn't speak. The man's arm slid along the back of the seat.

Continued on page 69.

Fraülein

THE CANADIAN CELT, THE GERMAN SPY AND THE SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVE MEET IN WARTIME LONDON

WHEN the good Lord made the Celt, He made him to fight and to dream, to think with his heart, to spend from his soul, and to feel with every inch of him.

But the good Lord knew that Ireland and the Hielands would never make Britannia rule the waves, since he is an unwonted Irishman who can make Pat rule himself unless he has some extra-special, revival-service, call-to-arms reason for it.

So the good Lord added England and peopled it with a race that the Celt may admire, may analyze, may lead—but never conquer—a strange mad race no Celt will ever understand, because, the angrier they get, the cooler they grow; the hotter the fire, the steadier they are; the bluer the war-news, the greater the demand for afternoon tea.

Canada isn't Celtic to be sure, but neither is she Anglo-Saxon, in the strict sense, what with her dash of Hibernia and the Highlands, her piquant French admixture, and her strain of tang and slang and let-'er-go-bang from south of the Great Lakes. Therefore Canada, when inoculated with the war-feel, takes herself, her responsibilities and her newspapers quite differently from the fashion set in Piccadilly and expounded in those North and South Poles of the English literary world, Punch and the Times.

These are the back-home-again reflections of a girl with grey-blue Donegal eyes and hair black like a smuggler's night. This summer she went to England from her Ontario home to see pictures and hear grand opera and admire, as much as she could, a race aloof, patronizing, conventional-minded.

Instead, August second sizzled itself off the calendar before she had taken her return passage and she had a chance to see the English nation at its supreme best.

"I can't give you any idea of the *tremendous quietness* of the war feeling," she told her friend who had never been east of New York. "It's utterly different to the Canadian way of taking things. There's a nonchalance about it that isn't stoicism nor theatricality, but just a serene sort of belief that Kitchener and Tommy Atkins are in charge, so why worry? Perhaps it's rooted in the deepest characteristic the English have—and the most un-Celtic—their ingrained conservatism. Britannia always has ruled the waves. Therefore, quite without fuss, Britannia always will."

There isn't any ferocity towards the Germans. In those strange solemn prayer-meetings in St. Paul's—St. Paul's with guards—the men who come in overwhelming numbers, join in prayers even for the Kaiser. They consider him a world-menace to be sure, a thing to be put out, like a prairie fire. But they don't hate him, and they're willing to take six months or a year or even longer to make him see reason.

There is absolute concentration of thought without any trace of that psychic tension, which would be un-English and undignified. A nation that will suffer fools gladly—even to the suffragette—that will allow every ism in the census report to mount a Sunday soap box and harangue a Hyde Park crowd, that will permit a blue-coated bobby to listen grinningly while a wild-haired orator to-hells his King—such a nation isn't going to get excited over a twentieth century attempt to revive a Moyen Age Empire. It crushed Napoleon. It will also crush William.

Canadienne had lived in Bedford Square since early spring, a wonderful, green-over-England spring that she hadn't seen except in the faint beckoning blue between tall houses when there was no mist. The German con-

sulate was at the end of the block, but even her Irish-keen intuitions hadn't warned her of the crowd that would presently jam the street, humming "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles."

"Nobody thought even the week before that we'd be in it," she said turning the bronze Liberty necklet between her slim fingers, "the Kaiser had shaken hands with the King over King Edward's coffin; he was a British admiral; he had made visits and overtures again and again. To be sure, Lord Roberts had warned us and so had Kipling, but the Englishman isn't imaginative, you know. He doesn't see Destiny till she comes round the corner."

That he did not, shows perhaps not so much the depth of Anglo-Saxon stupidity as the height of Anglo-Saxon self-confidence. London was full of eyes—paid German eyes. The press said so, Scotland Yard knew so. They could name-and-address them for you. But the man in the street who had Nelson and Wellington and Kitchener on the walls at home, simply read, believed or disbelieved according to his fancy for the print publishing the rumor, after which he promptly forgot all about it.

"It was the Friday before the declaration that I definitely suspected Fraülein," said Canadienne.

Fraülein had come to the boarding house in May. She was twenty-three, she said. She had fair hair, blue trustful eyes and a passion for study. Her Hanover Varsity couldn't give her the satin finish she wanted, so she was preparing to plug her way into a seventh heaven of bluestockingdom by three months' study at London University, followed by an equal period at Oxford and another in Paris. The subject was to be Seventh Century Manuscripts.

"I remember when she came first," said Canadienne, "Mrs. Dunham always introduced newcomers, but she couldn't do much for Fraülein because she didn't speak English. I saw her sitting over on the other side of the drawing room and as I was looking at her, the big tears welled up into her eyes. Later I found that she could manage this little stage play whenever she wished. But at the time I thought she was homesick and I was all compassion. My German was three years out of school, but I went over, sat on the arm of her chair, and tried to talk to her."

She was so pleased and so grateful that Canadienne offered to take her sight-seeing. She had never been in London before, she said.

On the streets she was dazed. The English were so strange, their language was so difficult—

The third or fourth expedition had as its objective an art gallery. Canadienne's stock of Vaterland-talk wasn't technical. She managed a paragraph or two and then stuck.

"You do not mean that, you mean this !" cried Fraülein excitedly, shaking her yellow head, and before Canadienne had quite realized it, the conversation was being conducted in Shakespearian English!

The screw-looseness of the situation struck both girls at once. Fraülein laughed uproariously and declared she had played so good a joke on her friend. Yes, she could speak English, had studied it since she was ten.

A little later, her unexpected knowledge of the right turn to take in a part of the city she had just said she had never seen before, led her to the inevitable admission that this wasn't her first visit to London. She had been only joking.

When one of the other members of the household, who was an illuminator, showed a disposition to talk Seventh Century Manuscripts to the girl who was studying them, she became strangely reticent. It had certainly seemed a safe choice but the way of the transgressor is sometimes unexpectedly complicated.

"Fraülein seemed to know the most extraordinary number of men," Canadienne said. "There was a Parsee supposed to be at the University, there was an Englishman whom none of us liked, and there were two German officers in the house, besides ever so many others who came once and no more. Still, it wasn't till she returned from a trip to Bisley and told us she had staid with the Cavendishes whom we knew were in America, that we began to compare notes and come to the conclusion that she was something worse than a constitutional liar."

On the Friday before war was declared, Fraülein stopped for her mail before going out. A thin strip of paper fluttered to the floor from the first envelope cut, a draft for a thousand marks. Fraülein didn't see Canadienne in the drawing room doorway. She was too intent on her mail.

The effect of the letter was electrical. First she whistled, a long low note of surprise that flowered into a delighted laugh.

"At last, at last ! Mein Gott, it is so !"

Then she sped up the street to the consulate.

Apparently other joke-playing Germans had had billets-doux from their chiefs of staff, for the road had begun to fill up.

There was the officer from Fraülein's own house, singing "Deutschland" and exulting openly. There was his friend who always seemed busy yet had no office and no hours. There, too, were selections from that eighty-five per cent. of London's waiters who hailed from Prussia and its environs.

"Until Tuesday you couldn't pass for the mob," said Canadienne, "jabbering, cheering, calling for the consul, dashing up in taxis, and dashing off again. I don't believe you could get such a scene anywhere else in the world, a jam of the enemy right in the very heart of one's own city, and nothing done to prevent their making all the noise they wanted ! There were two or three policemen around but they didn't attempt to do anything with the crowd that never left by night or by day, and thinned out only at mealtimes."

Incompetence ? Not on your life ! Just sheer, amazing British self-confidence. There were torn German extras all over the road, there was Berlinese bedlam from sidewalk to sidewalk, but there was also Sir Edward Grey in the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard at its usual stand and if it amused Fraülein to cheer herself hoarse, let her cheer.

The boarding house didn't see its three Germans except at the end of breathless taxi-rushes. The officer was summoned to his regiment. Yet he was leaving all his belongings save his latchkey.

"Why do I take it ? Oh, I shall be back presently, in a week or two," he said airily, "and then, I shall need it."

Paris in four weeks—London in six. That's what he meant. He was as sure that the Kaiser would be reviewing his troops in Hyde Park as he was certain that there was no need to pay his five weeks' arrears-board to a poor fool who would soon have to quarter him for nothing.

The outrush of waiters changed many a high priced restaurant into a cafeteria. Friedrich from the boarding house staff also sought the colors, nineteen and keen to fight his friend the Swiss at the next table. By the time the order was issued commanding all Germans to register, there was no one left but Hans who had told the consul that he was under age and flat-footed. Fraülein had taxied out of sight with the Parsee, leaving her luggage to be called for.

Then one morning, a plainclothes Sherlock from Scotland Yard visited the agitated landlady.

"You've had two German officers here," he said genially. "They have been in London so long. They have done thus and so. They have now rejoined their regiments."

Whereupon he added details that no one in the house had ever dreamed of, demanding in return the papers of the careless Prussians who were so sure of returning.

"You've also had a German woman."

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PEOPLE LEAVING THE BANK OF ENGLAND AFTER THE INCREASE IN RATES

went on the plainclothes Law. "She was the daughter of a sugar-refiner in such and such a place. She says she is twenty-three but in reality she is twenty-six. This is her third visit to England. She was supposed to be studying Seventh Century Manuscripts at London University."

The boarding house mistress was one series of "howe" and "whys" and "wherever-did-you-get-its."

The detective wouldn't say. Fraülein had been known about since she came to London. Of course. Why did one suppose Scotland Yard was there?

Why had they not apprehended her before?

Why should they?

Having satisfied himself that the eyes-that-had-come-to-see had really turned into the tongue-gone-home-to-report, the Law departed, leaving a shaken house who no longer wondered that 1,100 policemen could take care of 6,000,000 Londoners, if they were all up to the startling specimen just seen from the Yard.

After having rid itself of undesirables by the simple method of leaving them alone, the city settled down to war-time rule.

People left the Bank of England when the increase of rates was announced. The crowd tore down the consul's eagles, just the necessary once. After that, it betook itself to Buckingham Palace and for four unbridled nights in a line, it cheered the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who appeared on the balcony after dinner. This proceeding, however, struck the English mind as undignified and, by Royal request, was discontinued.

Every public building in town was watched and guarded as were the railroads and the bridges; the entrances to the Post Office and the Telegraph Buildings and the nearby subway stations were protected with expanded steel netting; boy scouts slipped through the streets with messages; soldiers marched all the time, to drill in the parks and the church-yards, to entrain at the stations.

Scarcely a head turned. Nobody cheered. The call to arms had been given, had been obeyed. What else would one expect?

A likely-looking horse trotted down-street in his delivery shafts. A plainclothesman held up his hand. The driver stopped, dismounted, unhitched. What if Madame's butter was late for lunch? Her country needed horses.

Motor busses that used to bowl along through London, mysteriously disappeared from their accustomed haunts. Rumor has it that the French peasant thereafter learned all about the merits of Pear's Soap from their flaunting sides, and read for the first time of Peek Frean's Biscuits and Johnny Walker's Whiskey when they came to rest to discharge cargoes Private motor trucks were also commandeered, turned into vehicles of wizardry, soldier-driven, and bound no one knew where.

All the shops gave at least a window to khaki uniforms. The assistants within knitted for dear life at army socks, and when they went home at night, they worked away at the biscuit colored flannel the English Red Cross has declared suitable for pyjamas The pinks and blues and flowery hues of the Canadian offering will look frivolous in comparison, but perhaps the Mother Country will recognize our Celtic enthusiasm and our Gallic exuberance, and let it go.

The censorship is unexampled and awe-inspiring. A girl in Canadienne's boarding house received a letter from her sister in Russia. All names of places were obliterated.

Trains rushed north and south with blinds down. Russians from Archangel? No, for there was the official denial. Yes, for the Russian who sold greens to the boarding-house had seen and talked with his own cousin.

A neighborhood would go to bed

watching the barracks' lights winking across the street. They would wake up to find the place deserted save for an impassive sentry or two.

London shows no electric signs these days, no fringe of stardust atop her streets. The vessel that steals out of Liverpool blankets her portholes

And yet, all this, all the wonderful, trained, tense activity of it, and never a bit of worry or hurry or the missing of a single cup of tea!

"A German in Montreal showed a friend of mine a pink slip two years ago," said Canadienne, putting on the black velvet bit of modishness that the West End called a hat. "That slip told him just where he was to report in the event of war with England. Germany has known a long time ahead and she has been absolutely confident of victory."

But the blatant me-and-Gott confidence that provided Fraulein with a thousand marks, that made the officer go home minus his receipted board-bill but plus his latchkey, that poured greygreen hordes across a neutral border, that burned cathedrals and bayonetted old men and little children—that isn't the sort of confidence that wins a long heartracking war. It isn't the English kind of confidence, that is steady enough to shoot without shouting, that is high enough to plunge an Empire into blood for a "scrap of paper," and lowly enough to kneel before the Judge of all the Earth in St. Paul's, confessing its sins

Doc Lambert's Second Choice

By Samuel E. Kiser

Illustrated by G. Tyson

SOURED. Such was the condition of Doc Lambert He had tried life and found it guilty. Existence was a thing that he bore with ill-concealed impatience. He felt that it had been unjustly thrust upon him.

Some men would have considered themselves lucky if they had been in Doc's place, for he was neither a beggar nor a cripple. Moreover, he had a job that wasn't half bad, and he was under no moral obligation to support a family

It was rumored that he had once had a mother, but the report may have been unfounded. Doc was a woman-hater. Long before he became connected with Barton, Swift & Co., a woman had caused him to become a misanthrope, a cynic, a misogynist, a pessimist and almost an outcast. That was when he was a handsome young doctor of divinity. It was the old story. Doc never would speak of it, but we picked up the particulars here and there and got possession of enough of the facts to piece out a fairly complete account of the matter.

"IF I WERE YOUR WIFE, I'D GIVE YOU SOMETHING BESIDE SUICIDE TO THINK ABOUT"

The woman, it appeared, had made a mess of his career merely to satisfy her vanity. If she had ever cared for him she denied it when he had need of her sympathy and affection. She put all the blame on him and he, being a gentleman, made no effort to let the truth be known. He assumed entire responsibility for the scandal when it came out, the result being that he was expelled from his church and ostracised by society, while she, claiming to have repulsed his advances and to have been innocent of any effort or desire to promote his infatuation, was permitted to retain her husband and her respectability. Such is the price the privileged sex is sometimes compelled to pay for its privilege.

Doc was essentially an extremist. When he quit the ministry he burned all his bridges behind him. In addition to casting away his faith in God he became an advocate of artistic self-destruction.

Barton, Swift & Co. had engaged him as a writer of prospectuses, a line of endeavor in which he exhibited wonderful ability. He could write a prospectus that would cause people to beg for the privilege of investing their money; but be it remembered that he never did this with any desire to swindle or mislead. It was merely his way of pursuing art for art's sake.

When he became identified with our establishment he was about fifty-five years old, though no one would have guessed that he was more than forty. He possessed a splendid physique, his abundant hair was but slightly tinged with gray, and he would have been handsome still if it had not been for his constant frown.

At first we found it a little difficult to adjust our emotions to Doc's habits of speech. He would speak of suicide as one ordinarily speaks of music or painting or poetry. In his estimation suicide was an art.

"Oh," he would say, "there are people who bungle suicide just as there are those who bungle music and make daubs on canvases and write atrocious verses. Suicide is a matter that requires study, even as music and painting and poetry demand it. It is, in fact, the very highest of all the arts, for one must be truly inspired in order to achieve distinction in it. That cannot, in the nature of things, be accomplished through mere practice."

We were given to understand that he lived on, not from choice, but because he was waiting for the inspiration that he considered necessary to credit himself with an artistic exit from the world. It was his custom to carry a pocketful of newspaper clippings which referred to people who had voluntarily given up the business of life, and often when he could spare the time he would spread these precious bits upon his desk and philosophize over them.

"I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS GRAVE," SAID DOC. "AND I HOPE TO GET SAFELY MOVED INTO IT BEFORE SNOW FLIES"

"Here," he said one day when he had produced a fresh clipping, "is a story concerning a man who threw himself from the top of a twenty-story building. The method is effective but wholly inartistic. One cannot do that without making a muss. When I remove myself, as I hope to very soon, it will be in such a way as to cause no inconvenience to others. Hanging I consider vulgar, and shooting does not lend itself to the requirements of good taste. One cannot shoot oneself and remain presentable."

When Doc Lambert identified himself with the house of Barton, Swift & Co. he was assigned to a desk near the one at which Mrs. Stetson, our stenographer, worked. Mrs. Stetson was a widow who supported two little children and provided for her own wants out of a salary of $15 a week. That alone would have entitled her to recognition as a genuis; but she did more. She could not bring her children to the office, so she paid a woman to take care of them from seven o'clock every morning until six at night, Sundays excepted. Perhaps she was thirty-five years old; maybe only thirty. She certainly had reason enough to look her age, whatever it was; but she was far from being the least hopeful person in the establishment.

Doc was her pet aversion. She abhorred him and he cordially reciprocated. Neither made any concealment of the contempt each had for the other.

After Doc had expressed his disapproval of shooting as a means of self-destruction Mrs. Stetson said:

"The principal trouble with you, Doc, is that you're too lazy to take exercise enough to keep your pores open. I remember hearing a physician say once that there was nothing like clogged pores to bring on despondency. Why don't you invest in a home training apparatus? It might give you a new outlook."

"Now you take throat-cutting," he went on, without looking up from his clipping or acknowledging that he had heard the widow's remarks; "that is clearly an indication of degeneracy and, furthermore, it is sure to be followed by disagreeable consequences, especially if it is done in a carpeted room. The man who cuts his throat shows an utter lack of the finer feelings. Asphyxiation is much more genteel and, all things considered, is perhaps about as good a method as has ever been thought out."

"What you need," said Mrs. Stetson, "is some one to take your mind off that kind of foolishness. If I were your wife I'd give you something beside suicide to think about.'

He studied her for a moment and seemed to be framing a sarcastic reply but evidently he was unable to think of anything severe enough. He therefore went on with his philosophical deductions concerning asphyxiation.

"There's only one trouble about it," he said. "Unless a man can have a whole building to himself when he turns on the gas somebody is likely to break into his room before he is dead and spoil everything. As far as the gas is concerned, one needn't worry about that. If I decide to select gas as the medium in my case I shall leave enough money to pay for whatever the meter may register. I consider this no more than right. There are certain poisons that have good points, but poison never made a strong appeal to me. There is something about the word that I don't like. One somehow gets the impression that a man who poisons himself must be a plebeian. Drowning is in some respects a fairly good method, too."

"Will you please talk about something else—if you must talk?" Mrs. Stetson pleaded. "You make one feel creepy. I should think you would be afraid something terrible would happen to you."

"If I were going to drown myself," he continued, folding up his clipping and placing it carefully with the others that he carried, "I should not do it in a well. That would make trouble for others. I myself should not thank any one for drowning himself in a well of mine. In addition to the nuisance of having to get the body out it would have a tendency to spoil my taste for the water, at least for a few days. I——"

"Could you be induced to postpone your remarks until I get these letters copied?" Mrs. Stetson asked. "Or if it would be more agreeable for you to go out and drown yourself at once, please do that."

"I should not throw myself into a reservoir or a small lake either," he said, ignoring the lady's interruption. "I once saw a body that had been taken from the water after having floated for several days and it was not an attractive object. I should not want my body to be found in such a condition. If I ever drown myself it will be in mid-ocean, so that there can be no possibility that it ever will be recovered. On the whole, however, I think drowning is hardly to be recommended. There are too many risks attached to it. One never can be sure that some fool will not be waiting around somewhere, ready to jump in and pull one out by one's hair. To a man with any self respect that would be humiliating."

Having placed his clippings in his pocket, he turned to his desk to resume his work.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Stetson, with a little shiver. "I was afraid you'd never get through this time. What you need is a wife—a good, strong-minded wife—to take some of that foolishness out of you. The idea of a man like you talking about committing suicide! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You don't know how fortunate you are. If you were a cripple or a hopeless invalid one might forgive you for pretending to be tired of living. A man who thinks of killing himself is a coward, anyhow. He's a mental weakling. There's a screw loose somewhere in his make-up. There's a chance for you to figure it out for yourself if you want to know what I think of you."

Without indicating in any way that he had heard what the lady had said Doc bit off the end of a cigar and went on correcting the copy of a new prospectus which was to be one of the finest products of his genius.

When he came into the office the next day he took a clipping from his pocket and after studying it for a moment said:

"Here's an interesting case. A man threw himself into a blast furnace and his body was completely consumed. That appeals to me very strongly. It did away with the necessity of a funeral. I consider a funeral a nuisance. It wouldn't be so bad if they would bury one without getting some woman to screech or letting some male quartette howl over one. I shall leave specific instructions that nothing of that kind is to be done when they hold my funeral; but how am I to know that they will respect my wishes?"

"I don't think you need worry," Mrs. Stetson remarked. "No one will ever feel like bursting into song over you, either alive or dead."

"It would be just like some officious preacher," Doc continued, "to want to send me off to the accompaniment of 'Lead Kindly Light' or something of that kind, in spite of any orders I might leave. Still, one has to assume that risk. There's another thing I want to have thoroughly understood. No women are to stand around my grave when I'm lowered into it. If the boys from the office want to pay their respects by coming out I shall consider it decent of them, but no women. They sicken me. I have a creepy feeling whenever one of them gets against me in a crowd."

"Think of the feelings of the poor woman who happens to be crowded against you," said the widow. "Smile, Doctor. Let's see how you look with a twinkle in your eyes."

A few mornings later Doc came into the office, carrying a long envelope, which he carefully placed upon his desk, saying:

"Well, there it is."

"What is it?" asked Danny Richardson, the resident manager, "your will?"

"No. I've bought myself a grave. That's the deed."

"You have decided, then, that you will not destroy yourself in any way that will obviate the necessity of a funeral?"

"Yes. I've got that point all settled in my mind. I went out to Mount Hope Sunday and looked over their supply of graves to find out whether I wanted to be buried or not. They had one that suited me, so I bought it."

"What kind of a grave did you select?" asked Danny. "Is it under a weeping willow, or is it some knoll spot that appealed to you on account of the view?"

"I found a place where there was one grave left between those of two men who had died bachelors. I wanted to make sure that no woman could ever be buried beside me, and this grave answered my purpose. My neighbors never have any trouble there will be no danger that their graves will ever be used by anybody but themselves, so it's all fixed. I've deed, with full directions concerning the location of my grave will be found beside me when the end comes. There will be no occasion for any trouble or confusion in that respect."

The possession of a grave seemed to be a great comfort to Doc. He would frequently take the deed out of his pocket and read it over with unmistakable satisfaction. It almost made him cheerful, and he fell into the habit of going out on Sundays to look at his grave and assure himself that it was where it belonged. His first remark when he came into the office on Monday mornings was:

"Well I went out to see my grave yesterday."

He spoke of it as if it had been a garden or a building lot, and the boys found it pleasant to humor him by letting him understand that they were interested in the spot which he had selected as his last resting place.

"I suppose," Danny Richardson said, one morning after Doc had made his usual announcement, "you intend to beautify it with flowers, don't you?"

"Flowers!" Doc sneered, "no! I'll leave the flowers for the women. They need all of them they can get to keep themselves from being insufferable."

Mrs. Stetson had a little bunch of pansies fastened on her breast. She caressed them and then, smiling at Lambert, said:

"They do help to keep one from being repulsive. I shall plant some on your grave after you have begun to use it."

He lighted a cigar and began to smoke furiously, pretending that he had not noticed her remark.

"What about a grave stone?" Danny Richardson asked. "Do you intend to provide that also, or will you leave

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The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"WILL YOU PROMISE," JEFFREY ASKED, "TO REGARD ME AS A SANE PERSON RECOUNTING OBSERVED FACTS?"

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith," a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart.

Next morning Jeffrey telephones for his friend, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

For a full minute, I think it must have been, Jeffrey sat there on the trunk staring at him without a word. For a moment there was in his eyes a look almost of panic. Then he rose and held out his hand to Shean.

"Thank you for telling me the truth about it," he said. "Oh, yes, I know it's true. I'm sorry for you. If you'll come up to my place and see me some day—oh, any time—we'll talk things over and see what we can do. Oh, and if you know where the frame is, find out what I can buy it back for, will you? No, I don't want any thanks. Good-by!"

In two minutes we were back in the taxi. I wanted to ask him what had given him the clue for what seemed to me an uncannily lucky guess, but his manner made it plain he didn't want to talk, so I left his moody reverie undisturbed all the way back to the studio. He sprang out when we arrived there with unconcealed haste, and fretted over the slowness of the elevator as we were going up.

His Jap heard us coming as we left the elevator and was holding the door open for us.

"Togo," said Jeffrey, "did you take that portrait I left when I went away, out of the frame?"

Togo nodded and smiled. "Yes, I took out. Put there." He nodded toward a big unframed stretcher on the outside of the stack that was leaning against the wall. "That it," he concluded.

Jeffrey burst into a laugh. "Well, why the devil didn't you say so," he demanded, "when I was making all that fuss this morning?"

Togo shook his head and lifted his eyebrows. "Frame gone," he said. "I not know."

Jeffrey strode across the room and swung the big stretcher around. Then he made a queer noise in his throat. There was no portrait there. It was just a big, gray, blank canvas, without a brushful of paint on it. We looked through the others in the stack. We looked at every canvas in the studio. But the portrait of the girl in the white satin gown wasn't there.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNSEEN VISITOR.

JEFFREY'S part of the search was a mere pretense. Togo and I looked everywhere—down in the studio and up in the loft. But, for the greater part of the time, Jeffrey sat in his chair staring dully out of the window and getting whiter and whiter every minute. When I had satisfied myself that we had really exhausted the possibilities and that the portrait of the girl in the white satin gown was really nowhere in the studio, I dismissed Togo with a nod, went up behind Jeffrey, and laid my hand on his shoulders.

I didn't intend to take him by surprise. He'd have heard me coming, had he not been sunk so far in the very deepest abstraction. As it was, he gave a little shudder under my touch and fainted dead away. I laid him on the floor and loosened his collar. But finally I had to get some cold water and dash it in his face in order to bring him to. Then I gathered him up, and with a little help from himself got him safely ensconced in his big, deep Morris chair.

"I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself," he said limply.

I don't know why people apologize for fainting, but they always do.

"Forget about it," said I. "You were in worse shape than I realized when you went away three months ago. If I'd known how bad you were, I think I'd have gone with you. And you're not quite right yet. Madeline and I will figure out, in a little while, what's best for you to do. In the meantime, you stop worrying. As I said, forget it."

Jeffrey laughed. It wasn't a pleasant laugh to hear.

"Forget it," he echoed. "Stop worrying."

"Or else," said I, struck with a new idea, "tell me all about it. I imagine that will be better, after all."

"It's nothing but a nightmare," said Jeffrey. "That's all it can possibly be."

"Exactly," I said. "And the only way to wake yourself out of a nightmare is to bring it out in the daylight. Reduce it to cold facts. Tell it, no matter how it sounds. I've none of your imagination, not any of those wonderful intuitions of yours, but I do lay claim to a certain amount of common sense, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

"Will you promise," Jeffrey asked, "to believe what I tell you? Oh, I don't mean to ask you not to think me a deliberate liar," he went on, interpreting my look of surprise at his request. "I mean, will you promise to regard me as a sane person recounting observed facts? Promise when I have got through not to come over and pat me on the back and tell me what I need is hypophosphites and strychnine. I'm not a wabbly neurasthenic suffering from hallucinations. If my story sounds like a bunch of phonograph records from bedlam, you're to promise to believe it's the story's fault, not mine."

If I felt an uncanny sort of excitement over his prologue, I did my best not to show it. I loaded and lighted my pipe pretty deliberately before I answered, and if the hand that held the match shook a little, I hoped he wouldn't notice it.

"All right," said I. "Fire away."

"Do you remember," he began, "that two years ago I spent the winter in Paris?"

"Do I remember!" I exclaimed. "Didn't Madeline and I visit you a whole week in your apartment there?"

"Did either you or Madeline notice anything queer about me then, or did anything happen that you wondered about?"

I hesitated a little over my answer. I might as well have spoken out, for he noticed the little change in my manner instantly.

"I see you did."

"Why, really it was nothing," said I. "You may remember the incident yourself. We all came into the studio together one afternoon, after a little sightseeing expedition, and we saw lying in the middle of the floor—a woman's handkerchief. Both Madeline and I naturally supposed it was hers. I went over toward it to pick it up, but you saw it just then, picked it up yourself, glanced at it, and slipped it in your pocket. It struck us both as a little queer.

"Not what you did, but the way you did it. As if, somehow, you didn't want to be questioned. Evidently you knew the handkerchief wasn't Madeline's, and you seemed a little embarrassed at finding it there. We had all been off together, so that whoever dropped it must have been there in the studio while we were out."

I stopped there rather awkardly, but Jeffrey, with a little movement of impatience, told me to go on.

"What did you think about it?" he asked. "How did you explain it? Oh, if I'm going to be frank, you must be!"

"Why, we both remembered," said I, feeling for my words a little lamely, "that you hadn't originally planned to go with us that afternoon. So it seemed to us that the owner of the handkerchief must have come in—well, must have been enough at home there to get in when there was no one there to receive her, and waited for you a while and then gone away."

"And you made, I suppose, the conventional explanation," said Jeffrey. "Certainly you couldn't have been expected to make any other; especially when I put the handkerchief in my pocket that way and seemed not to want to talk about it. But it wasn't the right explanation, Drew."

"I'm not a Puritan," said I, "but, somehow, I'm glad to hear that. We both felt a little uncomfortable about it, though we've never discussed it since. Your manner seemed a little different after it, too. I suppose that was because you guessed what we must be thinking."

"No," said Jeffrey, "I never thought of it that way until this morning. But I'll have to go back and begin at the beginning.

"You know I thought I was awfully lucky to get that studio in the first place. There isn't a better one in Paris. The man who had it—he's a prosperous well-known painter—had a long lease on it and a lot of work to do, and it never occurred to me, when I asked him if he knew where I could get a studio, that there was any possibility of his giving up his

"But he offered it to me, in a hesitating sort of way, saying that he meant to find another and thought he could get one the other side of the *impasse*. I asked him why in the world he was moving out of that one to go into one not so good across the street, and all he said at first was that he'd taken a dislike to it. It had got on his nerves and he couldn't paint there. I wanted to know what had got on his nerves and he wouldn't tell me.

"'I wouldn't offer it to any one else,' he said at last, 'but you're such a sensible chap that maybe you won't mind.'

"'Mind what?' I asked him again, but still he wouldn't tell me.

"'It's ten to one, a hundred to one, there won't be anything.'

"That was all he would say. He was a cranky, temperamental sort of a cuss, so I didn't think any more about it, blessed my good luck, and moved in. I didn't mind anything for about a week."

"And then?" I asked. I tried to say the words casually, but it wasn't easy.

"Get the geography of the place well in your mind first. It's like this. You remember there was a little hall with a kitchenette to the right of it. And then the salon and two bedrooms straight along in a row with a corridor on the inside. When you get to the end of the corridor you turn to the left and come out on the back of the studio. The studio floor is a few feet down by a flight of steps. There is a door at the other end of the studio that is reached by a flight of iron steps outside so that models can come straight to the studio through the court without coming into the apartments."

"Yes," said I. "I've got it straight. I remembered it pretty well. Go on."

"And you understand, don't you," he continued, "that there is another apartment and studio on the other side of the court exactly corresponding to mine only left-handed. The models of the studios come [illegible] the same flight of iron [illegible] both studio doors. That clear?"

I nodded. "Go on," said I. "What did you find at the end of a week?"

Jeffrey shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing, to speak of. Nothing that I can tell about even to you without feeling rather an ass. Why, I came in just about four o'clock one afternoon in November. It was dark of course. Let myself in the apartment door, not the studio door you understand. Let myself in with my latch-key and lit the gas in the hall. The minute I did it I knew that some one else had just been there. I knew that whoever it was, was in the next room—the salon.

"Mind you, I didn't *see* anything nor *hear* anything. I just knew it. Now there's nothing uncanny about that. I've got some sort of extra sense that often tells me things, when the people in question are just ordinary, every-day, living people. I call it an extra sense. Perhaps it's actually only an abnormal sense of smell, but too subtle to recognize as such.

"As you know, I didn't keep any servant that winter. I had an old femme de menage who came every morning to clean up and then went away. She hadn't any business there in the afternoon, but still she could have got in. She had a key and she might perfectly well have come back when she thought I'd be out, oh, to steal a few candles or a basket of coal or something. They all do that. So

it didn't startle me at all or give me any queer sensations to know that there was some one in the place.

"I took off my hat and overcoat after I'd lighted the gas, and went into the salon. Well, there was no one there. But the same sense told me that whoever it was had gone on into the adjoining room. That seemed queer, because I ought to have heard her moving about. But I struck another match and went on. There was no one there either, but I followed what I can only call the scent—which was just as definite, real a thing, as what a hound follows the trail by—out into the corridor and down to the turning and into the loft and down across the studio to the outside studio door. And I was just as sure, when I got to that door, that some one had gone out of it less than half a minute before as I was when I came in that there was some one there."

"You heard nothing all the while?" I asked.

"Not a sound," he said, "except the noise I was making myself, and that wasn't much."

"And you saw nothing?"

"No," said Jeffrey.

Well, I suppose you will think he was right about it—that it did sound silly; that it was a confession even a nervous, fidgety woman would have been almost ashamed to make; and you may think that if I had been the common-sense, level-headed friend I professed to be, I should have told him that his experiences were nothing more than an attack of the creeps, and that he was a fool to think twice about it. I'd have done that if I could. But the fact was, I couldn't.

To begin with, I knew that what Jeffrey said about his possession of an extra sense was the sober, literal truth. I would trust that sense of his as far as I would trust one of the regular five senses in a normal man. When he said he knew, in that inexplicable way, that some one was in the salon when he opened the hall door, it meant as much to me as if another had said, "I saw some one standing there." Granting that, and I had to grant it, the thing became a very curious mystery.

"You didn't miss anything?" I asked. "Nothing had been taken?"

Jeffrey shook his head. "The trouble is," he went on, "with the possession of a sense like that, you never can really believe in it yourself. You may know you have it, you may be utterly unable to disbelieve you have it, but your common sense won't accept an unsupported report of it. It insists on telling you that you are a fool with a head full of fancies, and it not only prevents you from telling other people about it—it won't let you take ordinary, common-sense means for solving the mystery.

"IN THE MEANTIME YOU STOP WORRYING. AS I SAID, FORGET IT—OR ELSE TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT"

"I thought about the thing for a week. It didn't happen again in that time and I had about persuaded myself there was nothing to it but imagination. Then one evening when I was coming home from the restaurant where I'd dined, I saw a light in my studio.

"My first thought was to go straight up to the studio door by the iron stair. Then I recollected that the sound of any one coming up that stair was perfectly audible in the studio from the moment you set foot on the lowest step. It was a spiral stair and you couldn't go up very fast. Whoever was in the studio would have ample warning I was coming and plenty of time to get out through the apartment.

"So I went up the other stairs, as softly as I could, had my key ready, flung the door open, and rushed down the corridor to the loft. As I turned the corner, I heard the studio door shut. The studio was dark when I got into it, but one of the candles had just been put out. I could smell it. I scrambled up on the back of a big Breton settle from which I could see out of the studio-light into the court.

"I am perfectly sure that I was up there looking out of the window before any one who had just shut my studio door could have had time to get down

the iron stairs and across the court. There wasn't any other way out. The court wasn't dark, for the two hallways were well lighted, and there was another bright light in the arched entrance to the court from the street Well, I looked and looked, but that court was deserted "

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT JEFFREY SAW.

"I DIDN'T wait for anything more. I went straight out and questioned the concierge. Asked him if any one had come in inquiring for me, or if any one had just gone out. He said no to both questions.

" 'Well,' I said, 'some one has been in my studio. There was a light burning when I came in.' The imbecile asked me if I hadn't left the light there myself. I said no, that I had gone away at noon, and besides, the light was out when I got to the studio. 'Then,' said he, 'possibly what monsieur saw was a reflection.'

"I told him a reflection didn't leave a smell of hot tallow behind it. At that he shrugged his shoulders and suggested I report my losses to the police

" 'I don't know that I've lost anything,' said I, and at that he gave me up for a maniac.

"I went back to the studio and found that I hadn't lost anything—nothing had even been disturbed. But I felt perfectly sure—I can't tell you how—that somebody had been sitting in my big chair. Probably for a good while. It was clear I'd have to solve the mystery for myself. If I made any complaint, or tried to provoke an official investigation, I'd probably bring up in the mad-house."

"Look here, Jeffrey!" I cried. "What about the other apartment—the one that corresponded to yours on the other side of the court? Didn't you say that the end walls of the two studios came together? Couldn't she have gone?"

"Couldn't who?" said Jeffrey.

"She—the woman that was in your studio? The ghost girl—whatever she was?"

"That's queer," said Jeffrey. "I haven't told you that I thought she was a woman—a young woman too. But I always thought of her that way, even then. I even called her the ghost girl then "

"There's nothing queer about it," said I. "The handkerchief made me think of a young woman."

Jeffrey gave a short laugh. "That shows what a fool I am," said he. "I was getting ready to build another little ghost-story out of that. Go on! What were you going to ask?"

"You said the same iron stairs served both studio doors. Well, then, why couldn't she have slipped out of your door and into the other one? There'd be time enough for that."

"Because I thought of that," said Jeffrey, "almost at once. And I suppose that's the explanation that you'll stick to when I've told you everything, although I don't believe it one single minute myself. The people who occupied that apartment were an English family named Williamson. I didn't know so very much about him, so far as his life was concerned, but we were very pleasant acquaintances. I met him as soon as I took the studio. They were the most commonplace people in the world.

"Williamson himself was a retired English doctor—a chap in his fifties. Hard-headed, straightforward, thoroughly good sort. He had a wife and daughter there with him. They were living in Paris so she could study art. She had about as much chance of doing anything at it as a dog has to learn to sing. She was a pleasant, hard-headed young little old maid of about twenty. She worked very industriously in her studio, and I developed my talent for fiction to the last notch, thinking up things to say about her work when she showed it to me.

"Well, those three Williamsons were simply out of the question. That night that I saw the light in my studio, there was a light in theirs—they generally spent their evenings there. I went straight over, told them some one had been rummaging around my diggings, and asked if they had heard anything through the wall. They were interested, of course, and Mrs. Williamson got quite excited over the idea of robbers and wanted to know if I had lost anything. They had been in their studio all the evening. Now you can say it might have been one of them, and I can't prove that it wasn't; but all the same the notion is inconceivable "

"I agree with you," said I. "Go on. What happened next?"

"There wasn't anything very different up to the time you and Madeline came to visit me," said Jeffrey. "Two or three other experiences more or less like the ones I have told you about. One night when I was in bed—I don't know whether I was asleep or not—I wasn't sleeping well then—I waked up, if I had been asleep, with the idea that I had seen some one go by my bedroom door. I wasted two or three minutes, I'll admit, lying still in a sweating terror, trying to convince myself it had been a dream. And then I heard the studio door shut.

"I got up and lighted all the lights and looked around, but I didn't find anything. The whole thing may have been a dream. But the handkerchief we found on the floor wasn't a dream, and I'm sure it had been dropped while we were out That was the first tangible clue I got the first thing that I couldn't reason away when I was in good form on the theory of imagination

"I went up one night to call on the man who I hoped me the truth or the hope of finding out what my experiences had been But we were as an oyster and tried to pump me. Williamson poked it again once and asked me if I'd ever heard anything more, and I told him no. I didn't feel like showing him what a I was and I knew I couldn't [illegible] ing about it without giving away the whole thing

"It awfully queer, of course," I said judiciously "but

"I haven't begun the queer yet" said Jeffrey the real [illegible] here where it be [illegible] and if you want to call in an [illegible] when I get through, why go [illegible] But let me tell the thing con [illegible] first.

"A couple of weeks after you and Madeline left Paris, I got a note [illegible] the Muirheads, suggesting that I p [illegible] up my color-box and come down to Etaples for a few days. They were having a lovely time painting [illegible] skies and things, and they wanted to let me in on it, I was glad of the excuse to get away, so I went. I got those sketches I showed you—the only real work I've got to show for the whole rotten winter—and went back to Paris feeling that I'd got rid of the cobwebs.

"I reached the studio about two in the afternoon—a bright, clear day. I was feeling as well—as little [illegible] to any imaginative delusions as it is possible to imagine any one. I went into my apartment, got rid of my traps, and went down into the [illegible]

"This is what I saw: One of my easels had been drawn out into the middle of the room. There was a canvas on it that had been painted, there was a low stool in front of it where the painter had sat. To the left of it was one of my chairs, just an ordinary, straight-backed chair, with a mirror of mine standing on it—an old mirror in a carved gilt frame, with a sort of ornamental top on it All around the stool on the floor were brushes and tubes of my colors. There was a palette on the chair, leaning up against the mirror."

"But the canvas?" I asked, for he had hesitated there for a moment. "What was on the canvas?"

Jeffrey got up and drew a long breath. His teeth were clenched as if they wanted to chatter and he talked through them in a sort of dogged, matter-of-fact way.

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When Paris Went to War

BEING A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN THIS TEMPERAMENTAL CITY DURING THE FIRST FEW DAYS OF THE WAR

By Mae Harris Anson

ALL the world knows how the news of the order for mobilization came to Paris. It was an entirely different experience to have received it in a village of a few thousand inhabitants, which was as much a rural backwater as if it were one hundred and fifty miles from Paris, instead of only fifteen. For a month I had been living at Enghien-les-Bains, and though the Paris papers, read there, had the same news as Paris, somehow the reality of possible war never filtered through, never disturbed the drowsy calm of the village.

On Monday, July twenty-seventh, interest in Enghien was centered on the amazing turns in the trial of Madame Caillaux for the murder of M. Gaston Calmette. Progress of the war between Austria and Servia held second place. On Tuesday, however, they were given equal attention. Wednesday, everything connected with Madame Caillaux was practically forgotten, for then even little Enghien understood that the "eventual war" might be suddenly at hand. Thursday and Friday, there were occasional remarks prefaced with the words, "in case of war." Saturday morning, even this phlegmatic, drowsy little village began to show signs of tension—but no excitement, no boasting, no gasconade.

Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock, I suddenly became aware of unusual knots of men and women gathered along the street below my window. There were no signs of excitement, an almost total lack of the typical French gestures—but something about them struck me with fear. Flying down stairs, one look at Madame was enough. Calm she was, but with a stricken look in her eyes.

"Mobilization!" was all she said.

"And that means—war?" I gasped.

"No one knows yet," she said, "but probably."

Not a word more, not a hint of regret, of fear, of seeming thought as to what it might mean to her personally, although she had known all the horrors of the war of 1870, all the humiliations. And her attitude was that of all France. No one who was really seeing France as the hour mobilization was ordered, can say they were anything but sublime.

In 1870, Emile Ollivier aptly phrased the spirit in which the nation went to war with Prussia, in the historic words, "a light heart." Theatres remained open, social life went gayly on without a break, nobody gave any personal thought to the war; the universal idea was that "somebody" would drive the Prussians back. To this war of 1914 however, France went with absolute calm, almost, indeed, with silence. There was no exuberant belligerency, no hysterical patriotism. Every face seemed purged overnight of all selfish thoughts and baseness, and in the days that followed, everything that was fine in the French nature came to the surface. Theatres closed at once, even the moving picture shows. Frivolity, in fact, dropped from the nation like a mask.

While our little group of women stood silently looking at each other, too stunned to say anything, a sound electrified us, coming faintly from a distance—the roll of a snare drum. Rushing out to the street, we saw a picture that might have been taken from the history of a hundred years ago—an old man, gray-haired, crippled, ragged, coming toward us, head bent, ignoring the world as if he were an automaton, every atom of strength, mental and physical, centered in the call to arms that rolled out under his hands as if it must be heard to the remotest corner of the land.

A dozen small boys in belted smocks followed him, cheering shrilly. Men lined the walks to wait his passing, their faces grave and stern, but their eyes alight, and the women—oh, they wept and wept. From our hotel a dozen cooks came leaping out, still in white aprons and tall white caps, shouting with joy that the suspense was ended and that, at last, they could be "at 'em." For days each had had a notice in his possession telling him exactly where to be at a certain moment after the order for mobilization was given. In half an hour, every man had left, literally dropping dishrag and chopping knife, to pick up bayoneted guns; doffing the spotless white uniform of cooks and kitchen helpers to don the red trousers and long blue coats of the private in the army of France.

The echoes of the drum had scarcely died away, when a wedding party came gaily down the narrow Grande Rue. A most pretentious wedding party it was, the bride and groom in an open landau, unashamed of their wedding finery, the relatives and intimate friends filling no less than eight carriages. None knew that war had come. Pretty bride and proud bridegroom rode with conscious smiles, ignorant that only a few minutes more were left them of the long married life together that they had planned. Tears that had almost dried upon the cheeks of those who watched the passing of the ancient drummer, welled up again at sight of these young people so unconscious of the wreck of their happiness.

In the morning came the first realization of what war might mean to me personally. The hotel would no longer give the accommodations of "room and board by the week," so Madame told me. Guests must eat *a la carte*, and pay as they ate—and overnight all prices had doubled. Until then, too, I had thought it safer to remain outside Paris—probably there was no foreigner in Paris who did not recall the tales of mob atrocities under the Revolution and the Commune. But with morning came the realization that Enghien lay between Fort Montmorency and Paris, and that in the event of the enemy approaching the city, Enghien would be "warm," whether Fort Montmorency on the heights behind it remained in possession of the French or fell into the hands of the enemy. Moreover, Madame warned

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In the Forefront

THE SILENT SOLDIER. SIR IAN HAMILTON; HAMILTON GAULT, WHO RAISED A REGIMENT; MRS. WILLOUGHBY-CUMMINGS, OF THE RED CROSS; "PAT" BURNS, WHO FEEDS THE FIGHTING MEN

The Silent Soldier

Sir Ian Hamilton, whose formal inspection of Canadian soldiery has turned into grim earnestness

By Eldred Archibald

"THE unluckiest man in the British army," they call him, but you are to understand at once that Sir Ian Hamilton's mischances have been purely personal and have not extended to his commands. His bad luck has consisted in getting himself shot and stabbed and otherwise injured in various parts of his anatomy, and in various parts of the world.

An almost useless left hand and forearm recall the day when a shell burst away off somewhere on the Indian frontier. Scars on his forehead are a memento of another Indian engagement when a flying splinter of shell almost cost him his eyesight. Once, during the South African war he was desperately wounded, left on the veldt, captured by Boers and abandoned because there was no hope of his recovery. But he did recover, and then came the crowning piece of ill luck. When his command was just rounding into shape and beginning the final clean up of De Wet in 1900, he was thrown from his horse and had his collar bone broken.

Enough of him was left, however, to make a mighty good soldier, who hasn't missed a scrap in which Britain has been involved since 1875. The only reason he did not serve in the Crimean war was because he happened to be born the year it broke out, 1853. Twenty years later he was in the army, and in 1879-80 he was at it, full tilt, in Afghanistan. One year's rest and he found himself at Majuba Hill, that black day in 1881. He is one of the very few men who went up the hill that day and came down again on his own legs, badly hurt as he was

The Soudan claimed him in 1884-5 and the next year he was paddling up the Irrawaddy into the centre of Burma, alternately shooting at dacoits and catching fever. Seven years of piping peace followed, to his disgust, and it was not until 1895 that he got another chance to risk his neck. That chance came with the Chitral campaign and from 1895 till 1898 he was busy all along the Indian frontier. In 1899 the South African war broke out and for the next three years Hamilton was a very, very busy man. He went home once, but he had not been there long when Kitchener cabled for a staff officer. So back he went to clean up with "Bobs" and Kitchener. Hamilton was placed at the head of what military men call "mobile columns," which is just another way of saying hard-riding, straight-shooting rapscallions, mostly colonials who feared neither God, man nor devil but had a wholesome respect for their debonair, rather elegant

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON
Who remarked that "Canada is a cute country—very cute," and ruined a promising interview thereby

leader who could ride harder and shoot straighter than most of them.

After the last Boer had been chased to the last kopje, Sir Ian came home and became Quartermaster General to the Forces. He stayed put for almost two years and then he went as British Military Representative to the Russo-Japanese war. He had not been watching things for more than two weeks when he sent back word that the Japanese would win. It took courage and insight to make that report at that stage. His final report on that war has been translated into half a dozen or more languages.

After the Russo-Japanese trouble was settled, he became general officer commanding the southern forces, then Adjutant General and was finally given the pleasant task of going all over the world inspecting and reporting on the defences of the Overseas Dominions.

This was an agreeable billet. It entailed a vast amount of travel, but travel under the most pleasant conditions. It was when he made his meteoric progress across Canada with the Minister of Militia and a glittering staff in two special trains last year that Canadians caught their only glimpse of this war comet in human form. What he said about our military shortcomings drove some of our pacifists nearly insane. His report on Australasian needs, just tabled in the British House, would have had the same effect over there had it appeared at any other time.

He is a queer mixture, this man. He has been ten times mentioned in dispatches, wears nine medals and sixteen clasps, and earned the Victoria Cross in South Africa. And yet he is a writer of excellent poetry, some of it, be it whispered, love lyrics of the most lyrical description, and frankly confesses that he never went into action in his life without being in a "blue funk and wondering whether he would ever get out of it."

"Moreover," he adds, "I don't believe the man has ever been born who felt much different." Certainly the man has never been born who concealed blue funk more successfully than does Sir Ian Standish Monteith Hamilton, G. C. B., D. S. O.

A queer mixture, certainly, this poet-warrior, this writer of romances, who

has killed his man in every quarter of the globe, who writes as well as he fights, but who eschews talk as he does the devil.

"One of Hamilton's grunts is more expressive than another man's speech," said a junior officer who had been grunted at one day.

When driven into a corner, he takes refuge in the unexpected as when in Ottawa last year, an energetic reporter ran him to earth and undertook to corkscrew some encomiums of Canada out of him.

"It's a cute country—very cute," said Sir Ian and walked away, leaving the reporter wondering how on earth he could make an interview out of that, for the one thing Canada isn't—is "cute."

Writing about him some years ago, an English commentator said, "Should that war which has been so often prognosticated as being the only means of settling the differences between this country and Germany take place within the next ten years, it will fall to Sir Ian Hamilton to take a high command."

We have the war and Sir Ian has his command. If he lives up to his record, Germany will know his name as well as England.

Hamilton Gault

Who is giving, as well as going with, the regiment he has personally raised for the service

By William Lutton

IT is difficult to be in earnest when you are very rich. A constitutionally serious young man, on the right side of thirty, with many millions, would be a rara avis. And if the investigator did find him, he wouldn't be popular.

But the possibilities of seriousness, the muscles to tighten the smiling lips, the soul to turn the polo-player into the patriot when necessity demanded—these things are essential if the rich young man is to be admirable as well as likeable, is to spring from the place of the one-thing-thou-lackest spender of millions, into the forefront position of the great sacrificer demanded by the opportunity of Empire.

Hamilton Gault, regiment-giver who goes with his gift, was born in Rokeby House, Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, some thirty-two years ago—that splendid family mansion with its ample grounds, so beautiful and restful to the eye and urgently desirable to the aesthetic mind by reason of its interior preciosity. His father, the late Mr. A. F. Gault, an Ulster Scotsman, was one of Montreal's most honored citizens

H. R. H. PRINCESS PATRICIA
The namesake and liege lady of her regiment of Canadian Light Infantry

He had been successful in his own particular business. He was a liberal churchman and sustained the causes of the Anglican faith in Montreal with no niggard hand, at the same time commending his religious life to his family by his sunny nature, and to the world at large, by his utter absence of that "side" which is usually rubber-banded in with a pile of check books

Mr. Gault set high ideals before his family. His son, when his education was finished, joined the great dry-goods business in Montreal, a business the fame of which has spread far and near, for its generous treatment of its employees. He sold goods like one of the clerks; he did office work; and by his good nature, his geniality and the true democracy of his spirit, he made

HAMILTON GAULT
Who raised the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry—and not only gave his money but went himself

hosts of friends among his fellow workers.

Out of office hours, he possessed and was possessed by, two useful and healthful fads—sport and the army.

In Europe, where the Krupp nightmare is never downed, military life has always had the stern seriousness of rehearsal for a performance which is sure to come off. In Canada, on the other hand, the high-spirited officer-boy used to get himself into his high-colored uniform and go in for a high-priced good time. The sorting of the wheat of true Empire-servers from the chaff of mere play-soldiers was left until 1914

But from the beginning, young Gault took his war-practice seriously

"I met him on several different occasions," said a military colleague recently, "one being the divisional camp at Kingston in 1904, when he was galloper (aide de camp) to Colonel Gordon, who was the camp commander. Lord Dundonald was in charge of the Canadian militia at that time. He was a gallant soldier, to give the devil his due, but like all the Cochranes of his race, very hasty and hot-tempered and most over-bearing to his subordinate officers We had a big field day towards the end of the camp, and being on the staff, I was very near to the General.

As he had no staff of his own with him, he naturally used Colonel Gordon's gallopers, with the result that Gault had to get it when the General put his wrong foot out of bed first in the morning

"During the course of the manoeuvres, Dundonald told Gault to instruct the Cavalry Brigadier to bring the men past at the trot. Gault duly carried the message, and the cavalry duly carried it out. But as soon as the General saw them coming at the trot he turned and yelled at Gault, 'What do you mean, Sir? Did I not tell you the gallop?'

" 'No, Sir,' said Gault, 'you told me the trot.'

" 'Silence, Sir!' said the General, 'I will not have you contradict me!'

"On this the Colonel, who did not like to have his pet galloper reprimanded for nothing, said to the General, 'I am perfectly certain that you said the trot, Sir.'

"This so put Dundonald out that he fairly sputtered with wrath. He still insisted that he had said gallop and was exceedingly rude about it. The militia of Canada nearly lost one of their most enthusiastic officers that day. Gault had brought his two best horses from Montreal at his own expense, and had gone to a good deal of trouble to help make the camp a success. He did not at all like the way in which the English commander thought it necessary to impress his importance on the Canadians. But even then, the Service meant more to him than his personal pride and he remained, where another and smaller man would have resigned his commission."

He loved all sorts of wholesome sport, especially polo at which he was an adept, being for years, the president of the Montreal Polo Club. He had a keen eye, a dashing spirit, full of verve; he stood up in his saddle, all tense and taut, never failing in speed or brilliancy or daring.

He was also a famous huntsman. He possessed an unerring aim with the rifle, and had the joy—a candidly savage joy—to see the big fellows topple to his gun in East Africa which he visited some years ago on a hunting expedition.

A red coat, a polo pony, a good-friend rifle—these were not the only ties to Montreal and millions.

Hamilton Gault is one of those fortunate men for whom the goddess has turned her cornucopia upside down. In marrying Sallie Stephens he won not only a beauty but a woman with brains and charm and bravery and true kindliness.

They had an ideal home life. Both were philanthropic; each inspired the other. As president of Gault Brothers, Hamilton Gault was greatly esteemed for his commercial aptitude. He consolidated the business; he gave the power of a robust mind to the great practical considerations which in the last analysis spelled dollars; but, influenced by the beautiful woman who was above all a precious comrade, he gave thought to other and higher things, the graces and assuagements of life, the kindly deed, the considerate thought, the plan for others' happiness

And so time passed, easily, pleasantly, one gold year after the other until the fall of 1914

Then this young man, not frivolous at all, but full of the joy of life, awoke one morning and heard a call, the high, imperious and peremptory call for service. "England, my England" was at war. That inviolable isle set in the silver sea needed help

Something large and insistent [illegible] to him. He thrilled to the vision of Empire. As in a flash he saw that he had a great duty to perform. The Mother Country which stood for the highest and best in individual and national life was fighting for all that made that life desirable, and had need of every stalwart son. One thing he had to do. He must first of all offer himself. And then he must find other spirits as ardent as his own who must be formed into an organization so that, going to England, he might say to the mother who had nursed the young Canadian nation, "Here am I here are companions. Take us [illegible] us for service"

He had not shirked any task: he had taken his duties as citizen and philanthropist seriously. While he loved all merry and wholesome things he also had the sense of responsibility But this was to be the great personal consecration. This was the high and sacred duty

When the public in Montreal heard that he had risen to the supreme sacrifice, they thrilled with the sense of the heroic. When they learned that Mrs. Gault was going with her husband to the front to do her own work, a lump rose in the throat. Here was love that was indissoluble, twin spirits,

MRS. HAMILTON GAULT
Who worked [illegible] indefatigably [illegible] regiment

committed to the high resolve. Wherever they appeared the people cheered them, and on the memorable evening when the giver walked behind his regiment, the watchers, however poor or narrow or sordid in their lives and outlook, instinctively recognized and loved the great deed, the sublimity of sacrifice

But the chief grace of Mr. Gault is his utter lack of self-consciousness He insisted that he was doing nothing out of the way It was a matter of plain duty It might be duty to sell dry goods or to make profits for his cotton shareholders It might be as plain a duty to give his life for the Empire

Some there are who are not quite sure that England should have entered this war. For men of the large mould

PRINCESS PATS DETS ON GUARD

of Mr. Gault, there is one thing clear—the imperious necessity of rallying round the flag, which stands for all that makes life worth while, in the spacious freedom that Flag affords.

"Do not make too much of it," he remarked, deprecatingly, to friends who said praiseful things. "I am only doing my duty."

That is the proud yet humble spirit which should win the war.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

A representative woman in whose judgment the women of Canada place complete dependence

By Irene Wrenshall

"OUR four trunks were all full; and some suitcases too, but we couldn't refuse to take these. That is a pie for a private in the Queen's Own that his grandmother made him, and this big cake which was given to us at the train, is to be delivered into Sergeant Blank's own hands, for his mother iced it for him the very last thing. Yes, those are wristlets, but they were specially knitted for a certain group of boys so we didn't put them in with the others."

The time was Tuesday afternoon on the eve of the departure of the first Canadian contingent from Valcartier to the front, the place, the thriving tented city of 30,000 and the laden down women who were carrying so many good-bye gifts for the soldier boys from anxious relatives at home, the Chairwoman of the Toronto Patriotic League, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, with Mrs. Stearns Hicks and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, on a tour of inspection, from the official stand point, and as messengers from home, from the personal stand point.

It was an informal party, though an official one, which, upon a large motor truck, went from one place to another all the afternoon distributing the personal gifts of gum, chocolate, knitted caps, etc., to the boys themselves, after having spent the morning in a specially arranged distributing tent, where under the watchful eye of the chairman, everything was portioned out to the various companies about to depart.

It was a place of vital and intense interest, this camp of young and stalwart Canada, to these women who had been giving up their days and nights for many weeks past to energetic work and careful planning that the boy might go away as comfortable as possible, but though the welcome of the 30,000 men could hardly have been more enthusiastic, though the freedom of the city was theirs and the call to watch the volunteers off was particularly strong, Mrs. Cummings felt the call of duty in Toronto stronger still and hurried homewards.

This is representative of the woman upon whose judgment the women of Canada, who are one and all familiar with herself and her work, feel that they can place complete dependence.

"Whenever I am appointed to a committee—and everyone else says the same—Mrs. Cummings is on it, and working hardest of all."

This is the kind of complimentary reference simply and straightforwardly made, which you may hear any day in Canada, if you are talking to one of the women workers, be they members of the National Council, the Woman's Auxiliary of the Anglican Church or the woman writers, about Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, who is not only the Chairman of the Toronto Patriotic League, but also the representative of the National Council on the Central committee for Patriotic service.

At the headquarters of the Patriotic League in Toronto you will usually find her at almost any hour of the day, now at the telephone giving someone exact data about a poor-relief case; now in committee with the workers of the local Patriotic League, or with the Central Committe, who by courtesy of the League meet in one of the rooms; now being interviewed by a troubled-looking reporter with a half hour of "fact collecting" to do, and fifteen minutes to do it in; now rushing off to address a meeting or establish a branch for Patriotic service; always with a smile and a serene countenance, as though there were no such thing as bodily fatigue or mental worry in the world.

But it is not only by the workers in Toronto that she is known. All over Canada hers is a familiar face, and her personality and her opinion carry weight from Vancouver to Nova Scotia. Indeed it is to the latter province that Mrs. Cummings is indebted for one of her more recent honors as she was given her degree of Doctor of Common Law, from King's College, Windsor. This she received as a tribute to her knowlege of social conditions and the legal status of women in Canada. Perhaps the outstanding characteristics of this most efficient worker are her unselfish, untiring, energy, her geniality and her memory. Of the latter, one of her fellow workers on the National Council of Women, of which Mrs. Cummings has been the corresponding secretary for about twenty years, from the inception of the organization, said recently, "Her memory of past events, past amendments to law, and efforts to obtain amendments, has been of inestimable benefit to the National Council. She can state the exact date at which a law was passed, when any matter was brought up, either in committee or in the general Council, and what was accomplished at the time. Her brain is that of a historian."

The experience gained in her years of service for the Council in systematizing large groups of letters [illegible] her to overlook all the clerical arrangements of the patriotic work [illegible] late it on a efficient basis. Her business like method of handling all the troublesome details is a boon to the secretaries and a matter for deep gratitude to the various women journalists who apply to her for news.

By her position on the Central Patriotic committee she has wielded a large and wide spreading influence upon the work of the women of Canada, over whom the Central Committee alone has jurisdiction, to prevent overlapping. That there has been order instead of chaos and that instead of thousands of one article being sent and two or three of an equally useful article there has been a marked uniformity in the supplies, has been largely due, her enthusiastic fellow workers will tell you, to the capable and clear brain of the National Council's representative.

But it would not be fair to study Mrs. Cummings' characteristics solely from the point of view of the W. N. C. and the W. P. L. The daughter of the late Rev. Jonathan Shortt, D.D., rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, and with a brother, Rev. Chas. Shortt a missionary, it is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Cummings has always taken an enthusiastic part in the missionary work of the Anglican Church, and has been for many years editor of the "Leaflet," the official organ of the Women's Auxiliary, a purely voluntary work.

Mrs. Cummings has had a very great deal of international experience which, in combination with a natural breadth of mind, has given her a well-balanced viewpoint on all questions. She is keenly interested in human nature, having studied it as a woman writer on the Globe for a number of years, and as the government lecturer for the Dominion Annuities, a position which she held with great success, with the result that she can easily get into touch with all manner of people. Democracy is a strong principle with her, and she is quick to recognize the ability in the woman worker and to provide all possible opportunities for her to display that ability to the best advantage.

Local questions have always had a keen interest for her. Her Toronto

patriotism has been proved by her work on the Woman's Committee of the Exhibition, and her present ability to keep in sympathetic touch with the poor-relief and employment question may be traced back to five years ago when employment was a burning issue in Toronto and when Mrs. Cummings was one of a committee which carried on the work of establishing an employment bureau for women

It is the same story wherever you go. Those who have only heard her speak, thank her for her clearness of voice and lucidity of explanation, while those who are working with her find it hard to decided which of her characteristics is the most potential for the success of all with whom she comes in contact, the organizing brain, or the kind heart which produces that inestimable gift of tact, the chief essential of a leader

The Fellow Who Fights at Home

"Pat" Burns, of Calgary, who has put his resources at the service of the Empire in practical ways

By Michael Svenceski

"YOU can put it strongly that there will be no famine in Alberta and that there is no danger of a meat famine in Canada, for this country has lots of cattle, pigs, and other meats," declared "Pat" Burns of P. Burns Co., Ltd., meat packers and canners and the Armours of Canada, in reply to a question put to him with regard to the possibility of a meat famine in this country

There had been a slight rise in the price of pork and the interviewer, in the capacity of a reporter for one of the daily papers of Calgary had travelled out to Ogden where the large plants of the P. Burns Company are situated. He found Pat Burns in his office, which was easily accessible and in that respect quite different from the sanctums of other kings—oil kings, land barons, and timber magnates

The Cattle King was quite willing to discuss the problem. In fact he went to great lengths to explain that the meat prices in Canada are governed by the state of the Toronto market and that the slight rise of a cent a pound in pork had been due to the excitement pervading the brokers in the Queen City. He pooh-poohed the idea of a famine and declared that he did not even expect the prices of meat to rise more

"The meat canning and packing companies can handle the demand and even if they were unable to do so, the farmers in many places have taken the wise course of raising a few cattle on their farms and these collected bands of cattle could stop a famine. But the meat companies are fully capable of taking care of the demand," said Mr. Burns confidently.

And that started Mr. Burns on his favorite subject of "beef." He leaned forward, one hand gesticulating and the other playing with his watch chain

"The ranchers and small farmers are beginning to learn that a few head of stock kept around the farm, besides being helpful, are a good thing to fall back on when the crops fail. There is always a market for meat. The prices of this commodity have been advancing with the years and the raising of live-stock by the farmer is one practice which will make for the future prosperity of this country"

At a meeting of the stockmen held in Calgary a short time previous to the interview 'Pat" Burns made a short speech moving that the Calgary

"PAT" BURNS, OF CALGARY
Who is feeding the fighting men Incidentally he cut all his rents in Calgary fifty per cent when the war broke out

association of stockmen unite with other bodies of stockmen so that the associations could act as one body with a single purpose. His one aim was to unite the stockmen, none of whom is big compared to the vast industry Burns controls, in preserving the province of Alberta's reputation as the leading stock raising province in the Dominion of Canada.

At the time of the interview the troops were all on their way to Valcartier and when questioned as to whether or not he would supply the meat for the government, "Pat" Burns replied:

"Oh, I suppose they will want the best, so I am getting ready," and his eyes twinkled. The real state of affairs was that the government was already figuring with him and he was offering, through patriotic reasons, such low prices that undoubtedly he would get the contract.

Asked at that time if he were going to do anything to help the government he replied that he supposed he would. Since then he has raised a big amount of money, sent a bunch of horses for the soldiers and, not content with his active work in securing contributions to the patriotic fund, he gave further evidence of the kind of patriot he is by reducing the rents of his tenants in his buildings in Calgary fifty per cent. But what makes the newspapermen angry—for they are always on the lookout for stories about the man that all Calgary respects—is the fact that he does everything quietly. If it hadn't been for a glad-hearted tenant telling a news picker about the cut in rents the public would never have known that "Pat" Burns had been so patriotic.

And yet when the interviewer made a clean breast of it and declared he had come to interview the Cattle King, the heavy-set, grey-mustached and shrewd-eyed Irishman shook his head and said:

"I am nobody but a cattleman and I'm not worth a write-up. A cattleman. That's all." He did not want a write-up of the things he had done for Canada, for Alberta and Calgary. He is still doing things for the great Western country that is his domain and like a true Westerner, he believes bouquets belong to funerals when the deceased has no opportunity of protesting.

Calgary is a pretty and praise-worthy town in her own way, but she prides herself more on her business activities. She hustles six days a week and on the seventh is restless for the coming Monday.

The Sunday school teacher who was new to Calgary learned something of interest from one of the tots in her class. The lesson was an explanation of the wonderful work of the Almighty.

"Now, class," said the teacher, "can anyone tell me who built the vast world?"

"God did," answered the first tot. The teacher put the next question to the second child.

"And who made Canada the great and glorious country it is?" The child questioned answered that it was "The Lord," and the teacher asked the third question.

"And who made Calgary?" The pupil hesitated a moment and then with a sudden inspiration declared, "Oh please, teacher, Pat Burns."

Before the land boom, Calgarians who belong to the "I knew him when—" club, would tell you that if it hadn't been for Pat Burns, Calgary would still be a water tank town. Perhaps Pat Burns did not build Calgary as the cronies say he did, but one thing is certain, and that is, that he put Calgary on the map.

Before the name of Pat Burns became associated with the cognomen of Calgary, strangers hearing the name would remark that they had never tried it but if it was whiskey they'd have a "shot." The big personality of the great cattle king linked with Calgary made it a centre of interest. What would Vancouver be without Pauline Johnson, or what would Montreal be if Stephen Leacock did not reside there? Nothing. A mere nothing. It's the places of interest and the big men and women who reside in a city that make it known. Mainly, the city depends on the fame of its people—what they have done. This is especially true of the far reaching western country where they do not ask who you are, or what you were, but what have you done? They care not whether your ancestors butchered the enemies of the country or the pigs in the country. Neither will they want to know if your family belonged to the peerage class or the steerage class. The westerner is broad-minded and depends on his own deeds to make or break him.

And you may well guess that Pat Burns doesn't have to rest on the laurels of forefathers to be the big man he is. He has done things himself and if it weren't for him the beefsteak or porterhouse you eat at dinner would come from Australia instead of the plains of Alberta where lie the boundless ranches of the last cattle king of Canada.

To-day Pat Burns is the remnant of that strong and mighty race of men—the cattle barons. When they held sway fifteen years ago he was a small rancher. They have gone. The homesteaders have fenced the open ranges and waved good-bye to the cattlemen, the scorners of limited areas. But Pat Burns did not scorn to have fences about his ranges and to-day he is the last of the honored band

Although Mr. Burns is typically and at heart a Westerner the land of the [illegible] born. He hails orginally from a district which has since become famous as a breeding place for millionaires, namely, Kirkfield, Ontario. Sir Donald Mann and James Ross sprang from that vicinity. The President of the Canadian Northern Railway Sir William MacKenzie was a chum of Pat Burns. One night I had overheard Sir William Pat Burns remarked

Yes, a little. We wrestled in our nightshirts together. Let's see, that happened long ago in [illegible] Those were short [illegible] future [illegible] of bare to [illegible] time outside of [illegible] But the lad profited by all his work and at the age of eleven put through his first deal—with a substantial profit for himself and a profit for his father.

By and by the land rush started; many of the younger sons of Ontario westward Pat Burns pulled his stakes, dropped the old axe he used into the well and turned his face towards the setting sun. He arrived in Manitoba in 1887, and immediately procured for himself a homestead. Sir William MacKenzie, then also plain "Bill," came along surveying the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Strangely enough MacKenzie drove a stake into a corner of the farm owned by Burns and called it a station. Pat immediately sold out and settled a little farther westward, to Brandon.

However, the real wild west kept calling and calling. The boom fever was at its height and, having always looked upon the "land that lies under the skies," in 1890, Pat Burns took another turn at the wheel and moved to Alberta.

Once in the virgin country did he loaf around waiting for something to turn up? Did he seek out old friends and tell them the story of "paying it back on Monday"? Not a bit of it. He jumped right into business, and although there was competition on every side, the young rancher did not heed the frowns of the big ranchers. He kept up an Irish smile and proceeded with his pastime of accumulating land and cattle.

The first "scoop" he put over the rest of the ranchers and cattlemen was that of shipping "rough beef" into the logging camps and mining towns of British Columbia while the rest did not like to take hazards with their products and were content to ship it east. Luck was with the young rancher

and the shipment reached its destination and Burn's bank account reached skywards.

That was the beginning of the supply of "rougher meat" for a market which has since developed into a big trade. It was a gamble pure and simple, a hundred-to-one shot that he would make good in the new zone. He won. From that lucky shipment grew the foundation of a trade which to-day embraces twelve ranches that stretch for hundreds and hundreds of miles in the great prairie province of Alberta. That stroke started a trade that requires two packing houses, one in Vancouver and one in Calgary, which cover acres and acres of ground. That prime move generated a trade that now stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a business that has twenty distributing houses, besides innumerable retail shops in the principal cities of Alberta, British Columbia and Yukon Territory; a big trade that requires a big man to handle and no one can deny that Pat Burns, its founder, a cattle king and rancher, is the only man who could handle such an important and enormous amount of business and supervise it as he does. For even to this day he is the ruling power of his company, just as in the late nineties he rode as a cowboy, among his cattle, which then ran in twenties whereas to-day they run in thousands.

Those were the happy days for the cowboy. They were the days when Southern Alberta was the real wild western cow country and from Red Deer to Montana the cattle roamed the ranges at will. There were no settlers, no homesteads, no fences, no wheat growers. The range, free and open as God's country, belonged to the cattleman at large. Round-ups were held twice a year, in the spring and fall, and Pat Burns rode the ranges with his cowpunchers and superintended operations personally.

In the Calgary clubs one may still hear the cronies tell of what a hard rider Pat Burns used to be and how full of grit and daring he had shown himself. His horse once stepped into a gopher hole, a feat that is easily performed on Alberta prairies, and threw the hard rider. The result of the fall was two broken wrists. Friend reader, if you have ever attempted to get into a saddle without using your hands you will understand what a feat Pat Burns performed when he climbed into his saddle and rode eighteen miles to a doctor. The doctor who patched up the broken wrists still wonders what sort of a fellow Burns was to have forgotten to faint.

Pat Burns does not pose as a critic or a student of the classics, but when it comes to judging men he shows better wisdom than even in his judgment of cattle, and his judgment of cattle has made him millions. He can pick a man who is honest and fair because he himself is honest and fair. His word is his bond and every transaction with him is on a cash basis. He has been known to refuse a meal whose makings had not been paid for. It is an iron-bound rule in his offices, scattered over three provinces and a territory that covers half of Canada, that everything must be prepaid in buying and all deals are on a cash basis from the lowest to the highest.

Once, whue being interviewed by a newspaperman in Vancouver, who had been a close personal friend of the cattle king, the big westerner was attempting to find in his pockets the card of a man who had been in the city and whose whereabouts he wished to discover. The newspaperman would be the likely man to know. Mr Burns hunted through his pockets for the card. While taking out some small cards and toothpicks from a vest pocket, a little blue crumpled paper fell to the floor. The newspaperman, thinking it was the paper that the cattleman sought, picked it up and opened it. He read its brief contents.

Then his eyes bulged and he caught himself breathing quickly. In his hand lay a certified cheque payable to Mr. Burns for the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars. The newspaperman stuffed the cheque back into its owner's hands quickly, telling him to be careful of such money. The cattleman replied "Yes, I very nearly forgot where I had placed that paper. Thanks for showing it to me."

The newspaperman wrote half-a-column on the carelessness of multi-millionaires with their money. He let the world know that the big cattle king had so little regard for money that he carried it in a vest pocket. Immediately when the story was out over two hundred philanthropists wrote to the Calgary cattleman telling him in lucid terms where he could double his money many times over. The maid complained next morning about having to carry out so many letters to the ash-can.

Another tale of the easy manner that Pat Burns has with money is that told of how he made the best speech at a meeting of a fraternal order to which he belonged. The reporters as usual were late and they immediately interviewed the secretary to find out what the guest of the evening, Pat Burns, had said.

"Well," remarked the secretary," "the only thing he said was something to the effect that he was not used to making speeches and—," continued the secretary holding up a green piece of paper, "this is the rest of his speech." The cheque was for a thousand dollars.

But he is not a spendthrift. Far from it. Ask Pat for the secret of his success and what will he tell you? "Oh, I know what I want and I try to get it," he will say laconically. Then, if you press him a little closer, you will find that his motto is. "Thrift."

Once an Indian brought word into one of Burn's main cowboys' camps regarding a bunch of "drifters;" that is, cattle which had broken away from the main herd and had wintered it poorly. Cowboys and work, as a rule, do not agree and so the cowmen did not pursue the topic of "drifters." They preferred to let them "drift." Not so with "Pat." He ordered out the herd-riders and brought in the stragglers near a railroad. Then he had the "drifters" shipped to Calgary; he fed them and finally brought them around to looking like cattle and then sold them for so much per pound. That is his best motto. But he has others which he uses oftener and one of them is, "Mind your own business and don't mind everyone else's."

Therefore, when the interviewer put the question to him whether he thought the cattlemen of Alberta would band together and present the Canadian government with a bunch of horses for war purposes, the cattle king remarked:

"Oh, I don't know anything about it. They may decide to do something like that but I have not heard of it yet."

The interviewer then decided to let the subject alone and get some "inside" stories of Mr Burns' life and mentioned the reasons why he wanted these intimate tales.

"Mr. Burns," said the scribbler of notes, "all Canada is interested in a man who has made a fortune from the land as you have done—and besides I've got to earn my daily bread."

"Well, that is true about earning your bread—but, young man, what about sweating for it?" Mr. Burns tried to appear serious.

"Isn't this sweating for it? Believe me, Mr. Burns, in the course of my career I have interviewed many men and written them up, but I never saw one yet who turned down an offer of publicity on the statement that he did not think himself a great enough man and was not entitled to it."

"But why pick on me?" asked the westerner, "interview Mr.—or Mr.—," and Mr. Burns mentioned several people prominent in and around the city of Calgary

"Don't you see, Mr. Burns, they are known only in the city, whereas you are a nation-wide figure—"

"Ah pshaw, young man, you're beginning to believe your own fiction." The big man lapsed into silence for a moment and then went on, "I don't

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"Good-bye, Toronto! Adieu, Mon'real!"

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LOADING CAVALRY HORSES ABOARD TRANSPORTS AT QUEBEC, A PART OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT WHICH SAILED SEPTEMBER 27TH

By H. R. Gordon

Illustrated from Photographs

THERE are two kinds of soldiers in this War. The German brand is a carefully polished bit of mechanism in a great steam roller. His thought is censored to the point of annihilation, his initiative is deliberately drilled out of him. Von Kluck and the Kaiser will think for him, just as they think for the Reichstag.

The British soldier—above all the Overseas Empire-defender—is just plain Bob Robinson in khaki instead of blue serge, handling a gun in place of a plough or a pencil—same Bob as he used to be—same songs, same slang, same girl down home to write to. He's earning one-ten a day in place of two or three or five, not because a conscription officer rang his front door bell and wouldn't listen when his mother said he was ill, but because he stood in line for two hours, waiting for the chance to volunteer

This War will see the last of one soldier-type or the other. If the Kaiser can swamp France with his unhuman grey-green waves of infantry, conscription and drill to automatization will have triumphed. But if Bob Robinson, thinking of his home in Calgary, can shoot truer; and if Tommy Atkins from God-knows-where in the London slum can hold his bayonet tighter, while he sings Tipperary; then it's good-bye to the steam roller method in war, just as it's been a lengthened process all over Europe of good-bye to the autocrat in government, the censor in journalism, and the slave-driver in the construction gang

Meantime, Bob has gone overseas. And this is how they trained him in six muscle-hardening, joy-walking, sharp-shooting weeks at Valcartier

The first half of his Camp-life-time was a sort of readjustment, prelude-period. Bob the city man learned to sleep on the ground, eat skilly and beans out of a mess-tin and bathe in the open under a cold shower. Bob the village cutup and Bob the rough lumberman learned to stand steady and jump to the commands of officers half their size. City and country learned from each other and both learned from the drill serge

Then the real work began. [illegible] ing and skirmishing were the two essentials. Day after day the battalions marched through dust or mud to the ranges, two to four miles from the camp, according to the section of the three mile line of targets assigned to them. One road led through a muskeg. The third battalion consisting of Toronto troops had to make the trip over quivering moss and knee deep mire several times. At first the men, nearly all from offices, picked their way from hummock to hummock of firm ground, trying to keep their feet dry. At last one young officer, growing weary of the slow pace, called out in very unmilitary language, "Come on boys, right through it!" He plunged into the mire at a run. Everyone followed with a cheer, and no one was regarded as a real man unless he was splashed with mud up to

the waist. The procedure perhaps was German, but the method of attaining it was most certainly not.

The target practice was of a thoroughly practical character. After a day or two of the usual deliberate firing to allow every man to become accustomed to the peculiarities of his own rifle, "rapid fire" was the order of the day. At the sound of a bugle, fifty targets would be raised simultaneously, and a half company would fire at them at the rate of one shot every eight seconds. It was not at all uncommon for men to score an "average of inners," that is to place every shot within an eighteen inch circle The markers, sitting in their trenches, would raise their targets. Almost instantly a sputter would be heard and a tiny hole would appear. A few seconds later another pencil of sunlight would strike through another hole, just beside the first one, and so on till the ten shots were through The bullets passed overhead in a steady swish, with a sound as of a heavy rainfall through hardwood trees

Here again the letter of the law was not unlike that of continental practice, but the spirit of joyousness in which it was carried out was thoroughly un-Teutonic. Little " jackpots were usually formed by the men of each section with contributions of five cents from every man. The winners treated the others to pop, the only beverage available for celebration.

"This beats playing the ponies," remarked one steady loser, "because luck doesn't count." The target practice wasn't regarded as work but as sport.

The shooting was varied by rehearsing the attack in extended order. A mile from the targets, a battalion in close order would dissolve into scattered lines of skirmishers. Brown figures would suddenly rise from brown moss, dart forward for fifty yards, fall abruptly and disappear, leaving the plain apparently as bare of life as before. This process would be repeated until the foremost line of skirmishers was a quarter of a mile from the butts. Then the word of command would be heard, and a scattering crackle of musketry fire break out. The line would dash forward again, and more shots be delivered, and so on till they reached a point two hundred yards from the butts. Advancing under these conditions, with a change of aim necessary after each rush, and the exact range unknown, battalions scored from fifty to eighty per cent. of hits. Individual companies reached as high a percentage as seventy-five

CANADIAN LIGHT ARTILLERY GETTING THE RANGE WITH AN EIGHTEEN-POUNDER

As the Duke of Connaught remarked after watching a Western regiment fire, "The shooting is good!"

The men who enjoyed open order work the most were the scouts. They were supposed to look out for the enemy. By some curious coincidence the enemy were always located in farmhouses where eggs and chickens and sometimes hot meals were obtainable. After a month of skilly and beans, men could detect home cooking at a range of 5,000 yards

"What have you scouts been doing with yourselves?" asked a captain when his men reappeared after an absence of an hour

"We got tangled up in some underbrush, sir," replied the senior scout with a perfectly straight face.

The captain looked hard at the bits of egg adhering to the private's incipient mustache, turned round and smiled. When the men of the contingent reach the front they will not sit down supinely and wait to be fed. They will scout. And they will scout with politeness un-Germanic, for, with pay coming in at the rate of $1.10 a day four times as much as the British Tommy with the King's Shillin', they can afford politeness

For three days, rain had fallen in torrents. A review, and a day's drilling in the rain had soaked almost every scrap of clothing in the camp

Did they lie down and groan, these soldier-men?

They did not. They stripped to the

CHANGING GUARD AT VALCARTIER

hide, rolled themselves in blankets, lit their pipes and sang "How dry I am," and similar songs. The soaking was treated as rather a lark

A little later, brigade manoeuvres on a hot day left four thousand men five miles from home, with baking throats and sweat-soaked clothes. Dust was inches deep on the roads. How did they get back to camp? They sang regimental songs. Most of them aren't poetry, but they push the pace painlessly, and that's what they're for.

The officers in the main are good sports. There is no such cleavage between them and the ranks as exists in other armies. In many cases, privates and non-coms are personal friends of the men over them. In the evening when the day's work was over, the officers used to drift down through the men's lines to sing with them, or out on the parade ground to play football and baseball. If a German officer could see a lieutenant in a disreputable-looking sweater sitting on a soup-kettle in a cloud of smoke from the pipes of a dozen privates in underclothes and great coats, leading the singing of "Where did you get that girl?" he would die of dislocation of the dignity. The Canadian army is a democratic army and the officers are leaders rather than despots, leaders moreover who can grin as well as grind.

Sunday was curiously secular. Religion was dispended in much the same way as rations of skilly and bread—by the wholesale. To complete the analogy, hymn books were distributed from motor trucks. The men in the rear ranks, unable to hear the service, usually occupied themselves watching the antics of regimental mascots. The half dozen dogs, one from each battalion, had a glorious game of tag. The harmony of the scene was broken up when a huge tomcat, the mascot of a Western battalion, chased all the other luck-bringers off the stage.

The Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto had tied their hopes to a tiny kitten. Incidentally they had tied the kitten by a chain heavy enough to hold an elephant. One sad morning the cat slipped out of its collar and disappeared.

"It broke the chain. It was a young tiger," was the general verdict.

In the last fortnight of the stay at Valcartier, the seriousness of the war began to be realized, but without fear or sadness. Newspapers came with stories of tremendous fighting on the Marne and the Aisne and heavy casualty lists. Even the most careless came to feel that they weren't on a holiday. The boisterous songs of the first weeks were heard less frequently. The evening choruses in the tents cultivated drawn out harmony instead of staccato noise. "By the Old Mill Stream," "I Wonder How the Old Folks are at Home" and "Mother Machree," were favorites. In the intervals of singing, little groups would talk in undertones, seriously.

"You know," said one private as he laid down his paper, "I've always had a presentiment that I'd never get back home."

A moment later he added, "Still, it's no use worrying." In five minutes he was joining in the chorus of "Casey Jones."

The last evening in camp was an occasion that will be remembered by all the men long after they have forgotten about spectacular reviews and [illegible] gathered around lanterns singing, do not strike the casual bystander as out of the ordinary. But the men in the groups, drawing out the slow harmonies of "Annie Laurie" and "Suwanee River," knew that it was the last time many of them would ever meet around a Canadian camp-fire. And the silent ones, who stared out across drifting smoke at the sunset fading above the black masses of the Laurentians, felt that they were bidding good-bye to their own country perhaps forever. As the darkness closed they turned to the old hymns they used to sing on Sunday evenings in the twilight at home, "Abide with Me," "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past," and finally, [illegible]

Regimental chaplains dotted down quietly to more than one sing-song and said a few simple words more effective than any sermon.

"We are all here," one of them told his listeners, "in an unselfish cause, to help other people against a bully. Let us remember to be unselfish ourselves in all things, to look after the next man to us. As a fellow who went through the South African War told me, 'Look after the man on your right, and the man on your left will look after you.'"

"I'll be on the right of the line," remarked a sergeant, and everybody smiled audibly, Anglo-Saxonly glad perhaps of a break in the tension.

Then came the final day, the day for which the six long weeks were made.

In front of a tent in the morning sunlight a stalwart trooper sat on a soap box, writing a last camp letter home, and from the smile on his face, he was sending all sorts of cheering messages back to take off the edge of the parting.

Up at the Lake Joseph Hotel, only five miles up the line of the Canadian Northern, where the wives and sisters and mothers of some of the soldiers had been staying for weeks, and which on account of its proximity to the camp and its easy access without pass, had been a constant rendezvous for [illegible] and loving ones, there were brave eyes, reddened with weeping but trying to smile, lips that were being kept under the firmest control, and glances that lingered long upon those who might never again appear, save in memory. There were nurses, too, clear-eyed and experienced, soldiers every one of them, who would go with the contingent.

In the full sunshine of an early autumn afternoon, tears were bravely wiped away while eyes watched the

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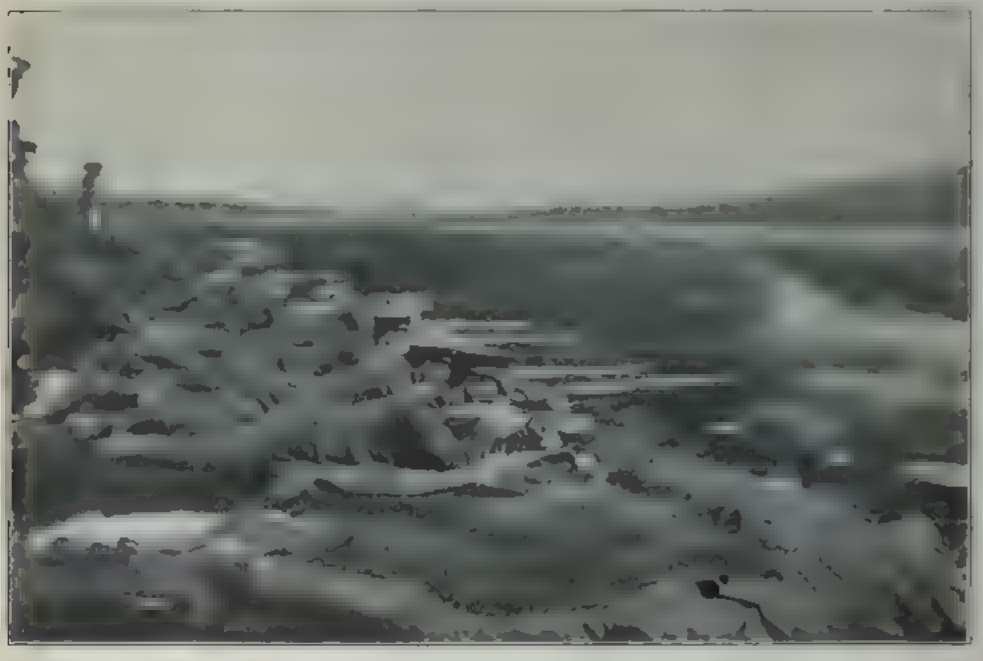

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REMARKED, AFTER WATCHING A WESTERN REGIMENT FIRE, "THE SHOOTING IS GOOD"

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

Air: It's a Long Way from Tipperary.

It's a long way from Canada,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way from Canada,
And the dearest girl I know.

Good-bye, Toronto,
Adieu, Mon'real;
Farewell from Coast to Coast,
And God keep ye all

It's a long way from Canada
I'll be marching this fall—
A weary way from my home land
And the best girl of all.

NOVEMBER

HOW short the summer! How long it is delaying! We have had the hot "spells," the cold night, the exquisite sunshine of the fall. The trees shaken with little gusts of wind are bowing their Benedicite. Despite the war, the old orb we call "the world" swings on. One day the God of Revelation will swoop upon it and then a number of us will be sorry.

We have been warned of the spiritual burglary. "Like a thief in the night will I come," said the Lord God, but we continue to beat our carpets, cook our beans, read the war news, go to church and to sleep, and shear the sheep next to us; for we are human and finite and grasping, and our only hope is that the beneficent Shepherd will have pity upon us—His poor straying sheep.

Said the man at the crossroads, a belligerent fellow: "Maybe it would be the roast beef—they drum that tune—or the good ould ale, but Pedlar, me son, the Anglo-Saxon is a hard man to beat. The divil is cheerful even if the war is going against him—which it isn't. Th' ould souldiers that are left behind in this war are the fine men. I was in Mafeking when Cronje proposed a surrender to avoid further bloodshed, if you plaze; but B. P., the big ould scout, roused out of his sleep, said I'll let ye know when I've had enough, and begar, he turned on his blanket and went to sleep again. Man alive, when the boy at the wheel can crack a joke, the world is all right and God's in His Heaven."

CHARMED LIVES

THE proverb "Every bullet has its billet" was, like many another thing, "made in Germany." John Wesley, in his "Journal," gives the credit of its first use in England to Dutch King William. Some men seem not to be destined to be the billet of any bullet. They bear charmed lives. They are often in danger, often in the thickest of the fight, yet they never cross the predestined path of a bullet.

There is a superstitious belief extant in Germany that bullets cannot harm certain people. A legend has it that a Croatian captain who fought first on the side of Parliament, and then for the King in the Civil War, was shot at by his Colonel for not returning a horse to which he had helped himself. Two bullets went through his buff coat and a bystander saw his shirt on fire. The Croat quietly took the bullets from inside his coat and handed them back to his colonel.

"And many a lad of them will go under without ever firing a shot and there's where the pity of it all catches you—" A boy in camp was playing "Home, Sweet Home" on a mouth organ. A long, lank lad, well under twenty, with a pale, eager face and those very bright eyes of youth—wonderful wanting eyes. Yes, many a Valcartier lad will go under without firing a shot and there will be only one being who will weep in the night and suffer and grieve all the days and that will be the boy's mother. Fathers are dear and proud persons, but it is always the mother who is the worse hurt when the little lad of her own body is injured or killed.

THE RED CROSS NURSE

QUEEN MARY has set her foot down upon the notion of fine court ladies going out as Red Cross nurses. She spoke her mind plainly to one of these society dames lately in her own practical sensible fashion. They had quite enough of fine lady nurses during the Boer war.

This time there will be no Cupid in the camp of Mars. The nursing ladies in the South African war were an unmitigated nuisance, as Kitchener could tell you. They even brought their maids with them to add to the confusion, and the scandals they caused would fill the pages of one of those unsanitary magazines which of late have brought the brothel into the drawing room.

So far as organization goes this tremendous war seems to be perfect. There will be no mistakes such as occurred in the Cuban and Boer wars. There will be no siege guns shipped to the scene of war—without sights—no condemned and putrid beef, no drunken commanders of transports, no lack of surgical and other supplies. At this moment the faith of the whole Empire lies in Kitchener, and K. of K. never yet failed.

HUMOR IN BATTLE

THE magnificent thing about the British troops is that they refuse to be depressed. Now that the wounded are coming home, the noticeable thing about the poor brave chaps is their cheerfulness. When the man at the wheel can crack a joke with the tempest, the passengers are not likely to feel frightened. They are Mark Tapleys, every one of the lads who go cheerfully into the trenches with a hitch of the belt and a jest. Tommy A. does not joke like the gay-hearted French soldier. "Piou-Piou" sings a lilt about his grisette or the Boul' Mich' or something a trifle worse, and marches along cheerfully. Tommy A. jests in a quieter, grimmer way, but Lordy! there's a lot of back-bone to it.

"A few more miles, lads," said the young officer with a bandaged head, "and you shall have a good sleep." And just to show him they were with him, a few poor wounded chaps began an impromptu dance—such a ghost of a little brave dance!—saying "Lor' love you, Sir, we're not tired." It was then a six-inch shell fell amongst them and six went to their eternal sleep. The other day it was, when falling back from Cambrai.

Bless you! all the German philosophy in the big, wide world goes to dust before a grain of humor, of cheerfulness.

And wait. The modern Tommy A. did not get his whole-hearted cheery courage "off the wind," as we say in Ireland. He comes by it honorably from his blessed British forbears. "My lads," said one of Nelson's old admirals, "my bucks, you see yonder the land of Egypt. Well, if you don't fight like devils you'll soon be in the house of bondage." "Aye, aye, Sir," was the response, "but we'll put the house in hell first."

And they did.

On the field of battle Tommy A chaffs death like an old friend. "I could do with a pint of 'arf and arf," said one as he waited for his red-hot rifle to cool. "'Old on," said his pal in the act of firing, "my regrets is for the sour wine I didn't finish." A shot swept the bowels out of him and he toppled over on his companion. Immediately two Germans fell to his account while Tommy A. swore deep in his throat.

"Thank God!" said the "little orficer" down the line, "my men are still swearing." Oh, don't be shocked, lady! Swearing is merely steam escaping—a fact which God knows and the angels register as such.

NEWS OF THE BATTLE

GREAT fault is being found with the British censor, and the press-men are indignant at being told they must go to the back door of the Press Bureau to get the meagre news. Poor newspaper people! No class is treated with greater indignity. I remember when I was a cub waiting and wandering round hotel or theatre to get a glimpse of some actress or stage notability. For hours and hours you would wait and dawdle. Then be received for five minutes and condescended to and dismissed in the most peremptory fashion! And you couldn't say how haughty and ill-mannered your "genius" was. You had, like the Irishman, "to butther her up and slither her down" the throats of your readers. And you would walk home two miles in the wet and cold, because you hadn't car fare and two kiddies were waiting, and wring out your skirts in the bath tub and put them on half dried in the morning. And be thankful for the meagre salary preempted by the butcher and grocer long before it was earned! And it is the same to-day.

In Cuba-time you were arrested by a red-headed official for sending an innocent wire to your chief apparently regarding books, but which meant that an army was moving. And your chief told you in cold anger that you had been almost a failure—because you got yourself arrested. And now the correspondents are dragging behind armies, knowing nothing of what has happened except what refugees may tell them, and taking the [illegible] chaps!

"What news of the battle?" cries everyone. You remember your Plutarch and what the Athenian barber got for spreading a false report of the defeat of the Greek army. Human nature is an immense book. You can find a new story in it each day, but a tale that has no end in the universal thirst for news, and the passion for spreading it. It is a difficult factor to deal with. The world, however deeply interested in commerce, finance, industry, holds its breath at the sound of battle. Watch the people gathering about the bill boards; all sorts and conditions. It's a funny jumble. They stand, and stare and read. Repetition most of it, but—everything gives way to news from the front.

"PRAISE HIM AND MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER"

I OFTEN wonder at the age of things. The first English-printed newspaper for the prevention of false reports was published in 1588 when Spain was preparing for her "Invincible" Armada. It was called the "English Mercurie," a bit of a sheet issued under the personal supervision of Lord Burleigh. There are, or were, but three numbers of it in existence. I had the good luck to see one in a one-time famous book and print shop in London. The first, dated July twenty-fifth, 1588, contains intelligence from Sir Francis Walsingham that the Armada had been sighted "in the chops of the Channel." After this came our British count—a fleet of eighty sail against one hundred and fifty Spaniards. Think of it! And we beat 'em.

To quote Mr. Puddlebox (and I am going to introduce you to him in a minute): "O all ye fleet of eighty sail, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him forever!" Don't fret, that's what old Britain is doing to-day.

"MAKE US HAPPY"

A LETTER from Brandon (Man.) beseeches the Pedlar to eschew war and "write something to make us happy." Dear man, if the Editor wants "war stuff" how can we gabble about fresh fields and pastures new? And yet—suppose we leave the battlefields for a moment and look out in our own bright and beautiful Canada on Indian summer which, if not with us now, will be sure to hearten us before the second, and lasting snow flies—

> Open wide
> The window and my soul, and let the air
> And out-door sights sweep gradual gospels in.

Golden Summer has flashed back, and is peering through the purple veil of Autumn at the old earth she had so long cradled in her warm arms. The labored breathings of the dying year rise from the woods, and [illegible] throbbing haze, above the deep ravines where, under the gentle shadow, the trees shed their leaves softly [illegible]

Already has the foot of Winter been heard on the hills, and at the [illegible] shuddering Autumn is calling on Summer to turn her radiant face on the old earth again, before she walks down the sunny hill into the shadow! So, hearing the voice of her tawny haired sister, Summer, with [illegible] roses garlanded about her [illegible] hastening a little way down the hill and the brown earth rejoices. The blue-birds pause on their way south to perch and preen in the warm sunshine, singing their little plaintive song. The belated grasshoppers fillip over the grass, springing their whirring rattles as they skip joyously down the sunny slope.

Down by the pool the willows are growing rusty. The sunlight streams through them, and dances over the surface of the water, which glitters as though flashing lances were [illegible] thrust up and down and across. Far back in the little wood that crowns the hill the [illegible] the sound of the falling [illegible] that slip softly to the ground. The pines stop boldly for [illegible] their [illegible] ful heads to meet the singing wind, and waving greetings as he sighs past The sunlight gleams on the sleek, gray trunks of the distant belt of [illegible] glancing from them to warm [illegible] the little wan maple that is [illegible] away in quick decay. [illegible] Nature is touching with kindly hands her woods and hills and valleys, washing her great plains with sunshine, steeping all the world in gracious warm [illegible] Autumn gown and garland of vine-[illegible] of Winter. Silent and still as it seems, she is yet busy preparing the earth for the coming of Spring, as well as for the winter sleep. The [illegible] young buds of next year are [illegible] curled up, and hiding amid the autumn tints on the trees that seem so stripped and hopeless. They will swing on the rattling branches all through the winter, wrapped securely in their downy sheathes, until the heavenly voice of Spring calling, they will awake, and unfurl their tender green banners in silent haste.

Now, too, the aerial seeds wing over the land. Pop! Pop! go the milkweed pods, revealing the exquisite silken fluff topped with little brown seedlings. The wind catches the airy nothing, and sports with it through

Continued on page 50.

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley.

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley.

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says: "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Board of Trade
Vanderhoof, B. C.

"The Dominating Center of Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon.

C. M Oct.

BOARD OF TRADE,
VANDERHOOF, BRITISH COLUMBIA

I wish to get a farm of . . . . . acres for . . . . .

at about $.....per acre. My resources are about $..... This coupon does not obligate me in any way

Name

Address..

Suppose your children had their choice of homes to which to go for breakfast. And one home offered them a dish like this—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit. Dainty grains, flaky, crisp and tempting—eight times normal size. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.

Where would they go for breakfast?

Suppose your folks, for a dairy-dish supper, had their choice of bread or crackers, or Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. And they saw these toasted Puffed Grains—airy, thin, inviting—floating in bowls of milk. Grains four times as porous as bread

Which would they choose for their milk?

Puffed Wheat, - 10c
Puffed Rice, - - 15c

Except in Extreme West.

These bubbles of grain were created for you by Prof. A. P. Anderson. They are scientific foods. Every food granule is blasted to pieces—blasted by steam explosion. They are both foods and confections

There are three kinds now with three distinct flavors. Serve them all, and see which your people like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(704)

Doc Lambert's Second Choice

Continued from page 22.

it to be attended to by your friends?"

"I don't want a grave stone," Doc answered. "That's another thing which shows the weakness of most people. Everybody wants a grave stone, and why? It's mere personal vanity. If a man deserves a grave stone, all right; but how many men are entitled to them? Not one in ten thousand. I have done nothing to deserve a grave stone."

"But," said Mrs. Stetson, "I think you ought to have one, all the same. Doc Lambert' carved under a marble lamb would be so appropriate, don't you think?"

Doc refused to argue the point.

One Monday morning he came to the office in a state of wild indignation.

"This is an outrage!" he exclaimed, slamming his hat on his desk. "By the Lord, I'm going to find out whether there is such a thing as justice in this country or not."

"What has happened?" asked Danny Richardson.

"I went out to see my grave yesterday, and it was gone!"

"Gone? How could your grave be gone?"

"They've cheated me out of it! They've buried another man in it. Buried him in my grave, that I've bought and paid for!"

"How did that happen?"

"It happened as everything else happens in this world. They robbed me of my right, that's how it happened. By thunder, I'll have the law on them! I'll show them!"

"Didn't they make any explanation?"

"Certainly. But what good did that do? The man was in my grave, and the explanation didn't take him out of it. Things have come to a fine pass if a man can't be sure of his grave after he's bought and paid for it. They claimed it was a mistake, but I don't believe it. They knew I liked that grave and they went and buried another man in it just to interfere with my satisfaction. The world has always been against me. I felt when I got my grave that it was too good to be true. I've been expecting from the first that they'd find some way to keep me out of it."

"Well," said Mrs. Stetson, "they will, of course, have to refund your money or give you another grave."

She spoke with kindly sympathy, for Doc seemed to take it so hard that we all felt a bit sorry for him.

"They've offered me another grave in place of it," he admitted, "but it won't be like the grave I've lost. I

picked out that grave because it somehow appealed to me. I'd got used to going out there and sitting on it, too, and thinking of the good, long rest I was going to have in it. It was a comfort to me. You people who have never been robbed of graves can't realize how it gives one the feeling of being left out in the world, homeless."

"I should think," said Danny Richardson, "that you could get them to dig up the man they've buried there, so that you might have the grave for your own use, after all."

"No," Doc sadly replied, "it's spoiled forever, as far as I'm concerned. "I'd no more think of having myself buried in a grave that had been used by somebody else than I'd think of wearing a suit of clothes some other man had worn."

"Cheer up," Mrs. Stetson urged. "There are plenty of good graves left. You may find another that will suit you just as well as this one did. Who knows?"

"I'm to go out next Sunday," he said, "to look over their stock of empty graves, but I don't much expect that I'll find any to please me. And even if I do, how can I be sure they'll not make another mistake? I supposed a graveyard was one place where they'd be careful—where a man could be sure they'd let him have the little patch of ground he was entitled to; but there's no such thing as fairness any more, and nothing is sure. If I find a grave that suits me this time I'm going to get into it before they have a chance to chuck anybody else in ahead of me."

By a rare streak of good luck—according to Doc's belief any kind of a streak of good luck was rare in his case—he found another grave that appeared to be splendidly suited to his needs. It was in a remote part of the graveyard and in some ways it pleased him even better than he had been pleased with the grave he had lost. Doc was not easily pleased.

"I can't think of a single fault that it has," he said with something like a touch of pride. "It lies at the top of a little slope, so I shall not have to fear contamination. There is no tree near it, either, so there's not much danger that women or children will come there to sit in the shade, and that's a comfort. I'm going to like this grave, and I hope to get safely moved into it before snow flies."

After he had filed away the deed to his new grave he announced that he had found a new and delightful method of self-destruction. It was described in a clipping which he produced. Without asking whether we cared to hear it or not he read the delectable story of a man who had used a hypodermic needle to inject into his veins a liquid which had caused instant and painless death, without producing any distortion of the body or features or causing ever a drop of blood to escape.

"This," said Doc in a tone of triumph, "is the thing I've been looking and waiting for. There is something about it that appeals to the aesthetic sensibilities. It is at once artistic and thoroughly effective. There is no danger of bungling or making a mess of it. Once the needle has been applied, it is all over. One need not be afraid of being circumvented by officious meddlers. I consider it a fortuitous combination of circumstances that this should come to my notice just at the time when I have got everything about my new grave satisfactorily arranged."

Mrs. Stetson had been stricken with illness a day or two before Doc came into possession of his new grave, and we were considerably disturbed when we were informed that her malady

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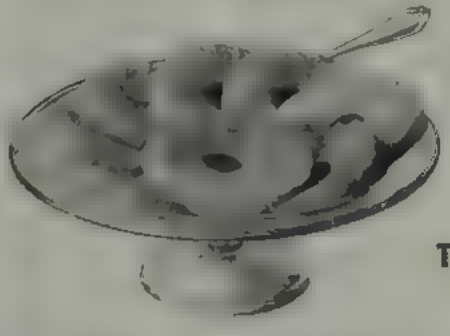

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had developed into typhoid fever. It appeared that she had been almost starving herself in order to maintain a home for her children, the consequence being that her system was so enfeebled as to make her recovery doubtful.

The boys in the office got up a purse to keep the children supplied with food and care, but the amount we were able to raise was merely sufficient to maintain the widow's little establishment for a week or two at the most. Barton & Smart had not been prospering lately and they did not feel disposed to pay Mrs. Stetson's salary, since it had been necessary to engage another stenographer in her place.

Of course we didn't ask Doc Lambert to subscribe and he expressed no desire to contribute. In fact we were so much concerned over the brave little woman's misfortunes that we forgot Doc's new grave and his suicidal intentions until one morning when he failed to put in an appearance at the office. Even then we attached no importance to his absence, nor did anybody begin to worry about him until three days later. Then his landlady telephoned in to ask if anybody knew where he was. She reported that he had mysteriously disappeared, after paying her in full, and she was afraid "something might have happened to him."

Doc's talk about committing suicide had never been taken seriously by any of us, but his unexplained disappearance caused us to have grave misgivings. We made inquiries of the police and looked up the records of the morgues, but no trace of him was discovered. He had vanished without leaving any more evidence of the manner of his departure than if he had been a wraith.

Two weeks after Doc's departure Danny Richardson and I went out to Mount Hope to discover whether he occupied his grave or not. It was curious that none of us had thought of doing so before. Naturally his grave ought to have been the first place in which we might have expected to find him; yet, after all, the grave is usually the last place in which any one is found. Perhaps an unconscious realization of that fact had caused us to inquire everywhere else first.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, late in October. The leaves had turned enough to make the cemetery brilliant and almost cheerful. It seemed a shame that any one had to be dead on such a day. At an office near the gate we made inquiries. The man who had charge of the records recalled our friend at once.

Yes," he said, "I remember him. A bit queer, I should say. It was too bad about that mistake we made, but

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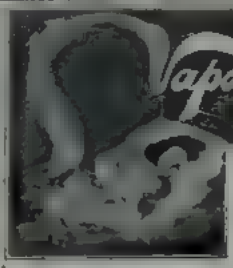

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such things will happen even in the best regulated cemeteries. Still, he got a better grave than if he'd kept the first one. It's better suited to him."

"I suppose," said Danny, "you try to give people graves that are becoming to them, just as a tailor endeavors to make a man's clothes in the style that will set him off to the best advantage ?"

"Sure," the cemetery man replied. "Now you take your friend. The best kind of a grave for him is one that's back, pretty well where there won't be any danger of women and children runnin' over it. It's too bad he gave it up. He'll not get another like it in a hurry."

"Do you mean that he isn't using his grave ?" Danny asked.

"He sold it a couple of weeks ago. I guess he made a little something on it, but he was foolish to let it go. What good'll the profit he made out of it do him when he needs the grave ?"

This was reassuring. We had felt some reluctance about asking point-blank whether Doc was in his grave, probably because we were afraid to learn the truth. When we found that he had not been buried we secured directions concerning the location of the grave and decided to have a look at it to satisfy our curiosity. On reaching it we found Doc sitting on a little mound near by. He nodded sadly in response to our greeting.

"What's the trouble, Doc ?" Danny asked. "We hear you've sold your grave."

"Yes," he said, "I've given it up."

"Decided that it didn't suit you, after all, eh ?"

"No, it was just what I wanted. It's a good grave. I'm sorry I couldn't keep it. I hope to be able to buy it back some day, but I suppose I'll be disappointed. I've never had any luck."

"Where have you been all this time ? We supposed you were dead."

"Never mind where I've been. It's good of you boys to be interested in me, but let it go at that. You needn't worry any more. I'll have to live on now. My grave's gone, and there's nothing for me to do but take up my burdens and carry them along."

He returned to work the next day, without offering any explanation of his absence and he lost no time in permitting us to understand that he did not care to be questioned about the matter.

A few weeks after Mrs. Stetson had recovered she came to the office one afternoon when Doc happened to be out. We learned then that he had sold his grave for the purpose of raising money to provide for the widow's children after our little fund had been exhausted. His absence had been due to the fact that he had gone to another city to dispose of certain building lots on which it had been his purpose to establish a home for aged and indigent unfrocked ministers.

As our former stenographer was leaving Danny Richardson asked:

"Does he still expect to commit suicide ?"

There was a twinkle in her eyes as she replied:

"He has burned his clippings and is teaching our little boy to say grace at meals."

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 26.

"On the canvas," he said, "was a carefully painted portrait of a very beautiful young girl. Young—oh, I should say in her middle twenties. It must have taken two or three sittings —three, anyway, of pretty fast, skilful painting—to have carried it as far as it was. The last of them must have been that very morning, because part

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of the paint on the canvas was wet. It hadn't even dried on the palette. The thing was obviously a portrait of the painter.

'The outline of the rim of the palette showed in the lower part of the canvas, but as if held in the right hand, as of course it always is when you sit down in front of the mirror and paint a portrait of yourself. She had even indicated the frame of the mirror on the canvas. It was all perfectly solid and real. As I said, the thing was well painted, though not brilliantly nor trickily at all—an excellent, an extraordinarily talented piece of work. It wasn't completed. In fact, part of the canvas wasn't covered at all. It was one of my canvases—a gray one like that blank I turned around just now."

"Well, you had something tangible to go on at last," said I. "What did you do "

'It was hard to decide what to do," said Jeffrey. "I didn't go up in the air at all. The fact that I had something tangible was, in its way, a sort of relief. And I still think what I decided was the best thing I could have done—that was to just stay there in that studio until something happened. I made up my mind not to leave the room for more than thirty seconds, until that mysterious painter"—he stopped and gave a shivering little laugh—"the ghost girl, came back. I thought she would come back, and that before many hours.

"Well, I waited. Spent most of the time smoking, staring at the portrait. I studied it—learned every brush-stroke in it. I could repaint it now from memory. I stayed there for thirty-six hours, without leaving the room but once. That time I went up to my kitchenette and got a box of biscuits. I wasn't gone more than half a minute and everything was just as I had left it when I came back. But at the end of the thirty-six hours—that was at two in the morning—my endurance gave out and I lay down on my divan, there in the studio, for what I thought would be a cat-nap. I'm a light sleeper. I didn't think it possible for anybody to get into that room without waking me instantly. I suppose I slept pretty hard. When I wakened it was ten o'clock the next morning."

'And the portrait ?"

"The portrait was gone. The mirror, the easel, the stool, were all back in their places—even my palette and brushes were back on the table where I'd left them when I started for Etaples. I hadn't a thing to show—no way of proving to anybody except myself, that I hadn't dreamed the whole thing. Thank God, I could prove it to myself ! The colors that were left on the palette were not the ones that had been on it when I went away. That I

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am ready to swear to, unless I'm crazy. What is your opinion about it? Do you want to call a taxi and take me up to Bellevue? You haven't heard it all, but perhaps you've heard enough."

"No, I want it all," said I, "everything that you can remember—every detail, no matter how irrelevant it seems to you."

"I rather think," said Jeffrey, "that what I've told you is all, so far as the Paris mystery goes. I'm really satisfied that the adventure on the bridge was pure imagination and nothing else. In point of fact, it might have been a dream."

"Never mind," said I; "I want dreams and all."

"Why, the night before I left Paris," said Jeffrey, "that was about the middle of March—a warm night like spring. I hadn't been able to sleep. About four o'clock in the morning I dressed and went out, wandering around. It must have been about five when I brought up on the Pont Royal. The air was very thick with mist. I had on a rain-coat, I remember, instead of an overcoat, and the steam in that warm air condensed and trickled down as if it had really been raining. It was a lovely sight, really. There was a fag-end of a moon trying to light up the mist and it made every smooth, horizontal surface shine like silver—the flat decks of the barges in the river. It was all very restful and still.

"I seemed to have the world to myself for a few minutes; but very soon a woman came along, stopped, and leaned against the rail close beside me. I supposed she was some one who had marked me as possible game and had been following along, waiting for a good chance to speak to me. I was about to move away when I noticed that she seemed perfectly unconscious of my presence. I couldn't see her face at all, just a shape. She was all wrapped up in one of those rain-proof cloaks, with the hood pulled up over her head.

"She stayed there a long time staring down at the river and the boats, just as I had been doing before she came. The funny thing was that her being there made me uncomfortable. It was a little bit like a nightmare—perhaps it really was a nightmare—because I wanted to go away and I couldn't. I didn't want to speak to her and yet it seemed that I must.

"Presently I heard footsteps and that seemed to break the spell a little. They were coming from behind me, so I turned to look. They were a couple of *gendarmes* tramping along on their route. I heard a little movement beside me and turned to look at the girl. The sound had attracted her attention

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too. She was looking in my direction, but wasn't looking at me at all—just in the direction of the sound—and the hood had fallen from her head and —well, she was the girl of the portrait, the ghost girl.

"I felt then as if I'd known it was she from the moment I saw her standing there. She didn't make a sound, but her eyes widened a little as the *gendarmes* came nearer and she turned and fled, vanishing in the mist. When they came opposite me they slowed down and looked at me a bit curiously and passed on. They didn't pay any attention to the girl. I suppose the explanation is that I fell asleep there on the bridge and dreamed about the girl, as I often did dream about her. and that the coming of the *gendarmes* waked me up.'

"Well," said I, "let us be thankful for a reasonable explanation where we can get one. Undoubtedly that is the explanation in this case."

Jeffrey drew a long, unsteady breath. "I wish I could say 'undoubtedly' in that tone of voice about anything. Drew, people can talk all they like about the tortures of the Inquisition and so on, but the most exquisite torture in the world is a doubt about the validity of your own observations. That's the thing that's driving me—; pretty near crazy. I can't trust my own sense any more."

To be continued.

In the Forefront

Continued from page 35.

want to be interviewed, but if there is anything I can do for you financially or otherwise, why you have but to ask—"

"Mr. Burns," interrupted the scribbler with emphasis, "this interview means more to me than an inside tip on the stock market. I have had men beg me to give them just a little publicity, but never before have I met a man that honestly didn't want it."

"Why should I want to? Look at those books," and Mr. Burns pointed to four shelves piled with books and magazines, "everyone of them contains something about me and some day when I get time I will read one or two of them," said the cattle king whimsically.

"Well, thanks very much, Mr. Burns, for the interview," the reporter was grinning

"Oh, that's all right. Don't mention it. Any time, young man, you want to talk beef come over and see me. I will always be glad to hear you discuss it," and the cattle king smiled his adieu.

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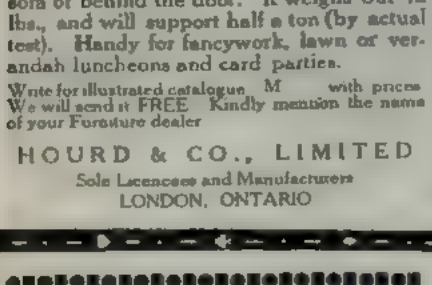

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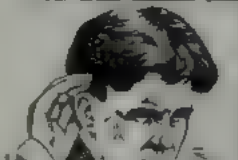


Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound; whispers even do not escape them. The cause of deafness has ended and hearing is restored and sustained. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or hearing from causes such as Catarrha Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the cause or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

Drum in Position

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—Write today for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS — giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
287 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

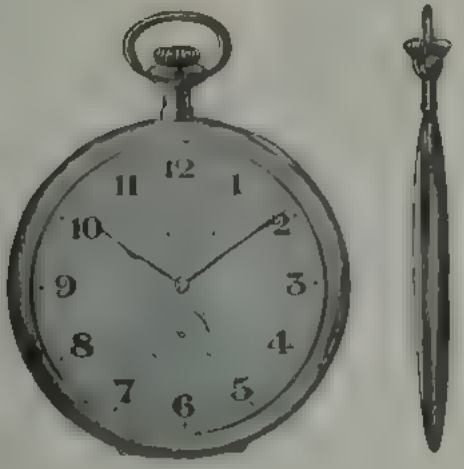
$250 MOTORCYCLE TO BE GIVEN AWAY

For a little pleasant easy work for us in your neighborhood looking after our renewals and new subscriptions. No experience needed, anyone can do the work during spare time and easily win this fine machine. With a motorcycle you can ride miles and miles over country, up and down the hills at almost any speed.

Write to-day for full particulars. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

Give him a watch which combines "business sense" with the social graces—



Waltham "Opera" Watch

The watch which finds the surest welcome today is the *thin* watch—the refined, slender, artistic timepiece which is light of weight but strong of structure; comfortable to the eye, the hand, the pocket, but none the less safe, serviceable, and accurate.

Such a watch is the Waltham "Opera" Watch. It has all of Waltham's "hereditary" accuracy and it is so thin that you are not conscious of it in the lightest clothing. In every sense this is a product of High Art in watch making.

The moderate price of the "Opera" Watch will surprise you. Your jeweler will have it in a richly plain 14-Karat solid gold case, with 17 jewels, for $55 or in gold-filled case, for $40. Ask him to show it to you.

Write us for booklet and general information.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

Think Christmas Now

BOOKS will be the most-generally-given Christmas gifts this year. Everything points to it and for good reasons

They are reasonable in price—a mighty big feature this year

They are usually British-made.

They fill the bill as gifts in every way.

Here is a list of new novels which everyone will be reading within a few months, any one of which will make an acceptable gift:

Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact - - - $1.25
By MARIE CORELLI

Quinneys - - - $1.25
By E. A. VACHELL

The Call of the East - $1.25
By THURLOW FRASER

The Honorable Percival $1.00
By ALICE HEGAN RICE

Clark's Field - - $1.35
By ROBERT HERRICK

His Official Fiancee - $1.25
By BERTA RUCK

The Witch - - - $1.50
By MAY JOHNSTON

The Clarion - - - $1.25
By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Ariadne of Allan Water $1.25
By SIDNEY McCALL

Henry of Navarre, Ohio $1.00
BOLWORTHY HALL

See these at your Bookseller's

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS BUYING EARLY—BUY BOOKS

William Briggs
PUBLISHER
29-37 Richmond Street West
TORONTO : : : ONT.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 40.

the woodland on its wandering mission of propagation. "There is no death; what seems so is transition." The little creatures that are preparing to hibernate; those millions of dormant forces that lie in the womb of the earth waiting till the call of the young year brings them forth again, are sleeping, not dead. So, mayhap, is it with our lost ones. What seems death is transition.

I see them, the radiant sisters, Summer and Autumn, standing with locked hands in the glory of the rich day upon the hill yonder. Soft hangs the mist over the brow of the earth. Peaceful lie the wide plains under the gracious sunshine. The flame is dying from the woods, as the leaves drop slowly, softly. For a moment the glory lingers. Summer, with a parting glance, steps swiftly adown the hill, and is lost in the brooding mist. Slowly, with reluctant feet, tawny Autumn follows, moving gently with many a backward look. A chill falls over the graying world. Who is it that comes striding across the hills, with resonant footsteps, turning the violet mist to ice with the breath of his nostrils?

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

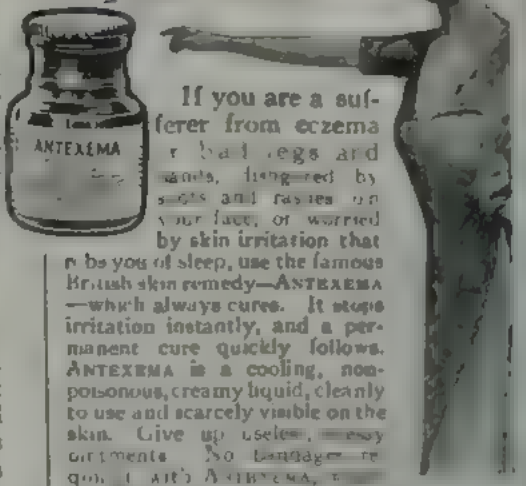
GOD'S TRAMP

DID I say Mr. Puddlebox? Do you want to laugh?—to be happy? Then get acquainted with this dear, this lovable, this very gallant tramp. Perhaps you know Neil Lyons and "Cottage Pie"? No? Alas! I grieve with you. Mr. Puddlebox, like Sam Weller, is in a book—but he is greater than Sam in this that he laid down his life for a brother. The name of the book? Why, "The Clean Heart," by A. S. M. Hutchinson (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.) Suppose we talk about it from the reader's outlook—not the critic's. I opened it in the middle, one night when sleep had flown, and before two minutes reading I was glad that most necessary official was on leave. And "What!" said I, like old George IV. "What! What!" For I had met Puddlebox.

There will be many pages, son, where you will laugh mightily with Mr. Puddlebox, but there will be some where you may not be able to see for fog—the fog and mist along the Cornwall coast.

Poignant and tender and Christlike is the end of Puddlebox, the tramp and the outcast and God's good man. I can but end with his cry, the cry of the poor, drowning tramp who shrank

That's what you want for your Skin Trouble



If you are a sufferer from eczema or bad legs and hands, disfigured by spots and pimples on your face, or worried by skin irritation that robs you of sleep, use the famous British skin remedy—ANTEXEMA—which always cures. It stops irritation instantly, and a permanent cure quickly follows. ANTEXEMA is a cooling, non-poisonous, creamy liquid, cleanly to use and scarcely visible on the skin. Give up useless, greasy ointments. No bandages required. Just ANTEXEMA, a half a century reputation and great British and always successful. Get it today. Of all druggists and stores. Trial size 1/- or in Canada 25 cents.

Wholesale from Antexema Co. Castle Laboratory, London N.W. Eng.

"Antexema" CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

Oxydonor TRADE MARK

The Painless Drugless ROAD TO HEALTH

Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off the weight of sickness and regain robust health by the Oxydonor

SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE

"Oxydonor has more than doubled and tripled [illegible]"
MRS. [illegible]
[illegible] North
Jan 16th 1912 [illegible] Ont

OVER SIX YEARS' USE

"After having an Oxydonor in use over six years, I would not part with it if I could not get another." MRS. [illegible]
Jan 20th 1913. [illegible] Ont

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr Sanche.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

WRITE TO-DAY for FREE BOOK on HEALTH.
Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Dept 83.
264 St Catherine St. W. Montreal, Canada.

Oxydonor TRADE MARK

TRICKS

For Stage or Parlor use. All the latest Magic Novelties, Puzzles, etc. Large illustrated catalogue free.

THE PROCTOR MANUF'G CO.
155 KING STREET, E., TORONTO

Agents Wanted

We have an exceptionally attractive proposition to offer enterprising men selling Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. Address
CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
78 Duchess St. TORONTO

terrified in the face of fearful and lonely Death:

"O ye sea of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: Praise Him and magnify Him forever !"

Good-bye, Toronto

Continued from page 38.

long lines of khaki-clad figures marching in service array along the road from the big camp to Quebec, where the transports lay, tied up ready to be filled with their human freight and the accompanying stores.

If you had stood on the wide terrace, you would have looked in vain at first for a sign of the ships, then slowly your eyes would have grown accustomed to the outlines at the wharves, and one by one, long grey shapes would have loomed up, until you had counted two, three, seven, ten, of these phantom vessels.

The huge battleship bearing the admiral of the fleet which convoyed the transports across, stood like a giant sentinel, clad in the same ghostly grey. Another of the largest vessels in port was banked up with a high wall of new boards shining in the sun—the transport for all the splendid horses which were being taken down to the water side.

The vision of khaki-clad figures has passed for the moment, and while you gaze fascinated at those motionless grey vessels, nestled under the overshadowing cliff and the frowning citadel, one by one they begin to steal slowly away with not a sound, not a whistle, not the creak of a chain nor the groan of a plank, not even a puff of smoke to indicate that they are really living, moving things. They slip out from beneath the shadows and like huge grey moths, float silently down to the mouth of the river.

Hour by hour passes and still, in perfect silence, the grey transports are moving phantom-like, into the stream. And far into the night, without a single sound to break the stillness, they are loading up their men and creeping away with only a pinpoint of light looming out against the black bulk of the Island of Orleans, shadowy against the water. At daybreak all are gone—without a cheer, without a whistle, without any of the firing and jubilation which used to mark the embarkation of troops—like grey mists into the darkness, to be met in the Gulf by a cloud of other grey mists, equally silent.

Wisdom has an uphill fight against the blissfulness of ignorance.

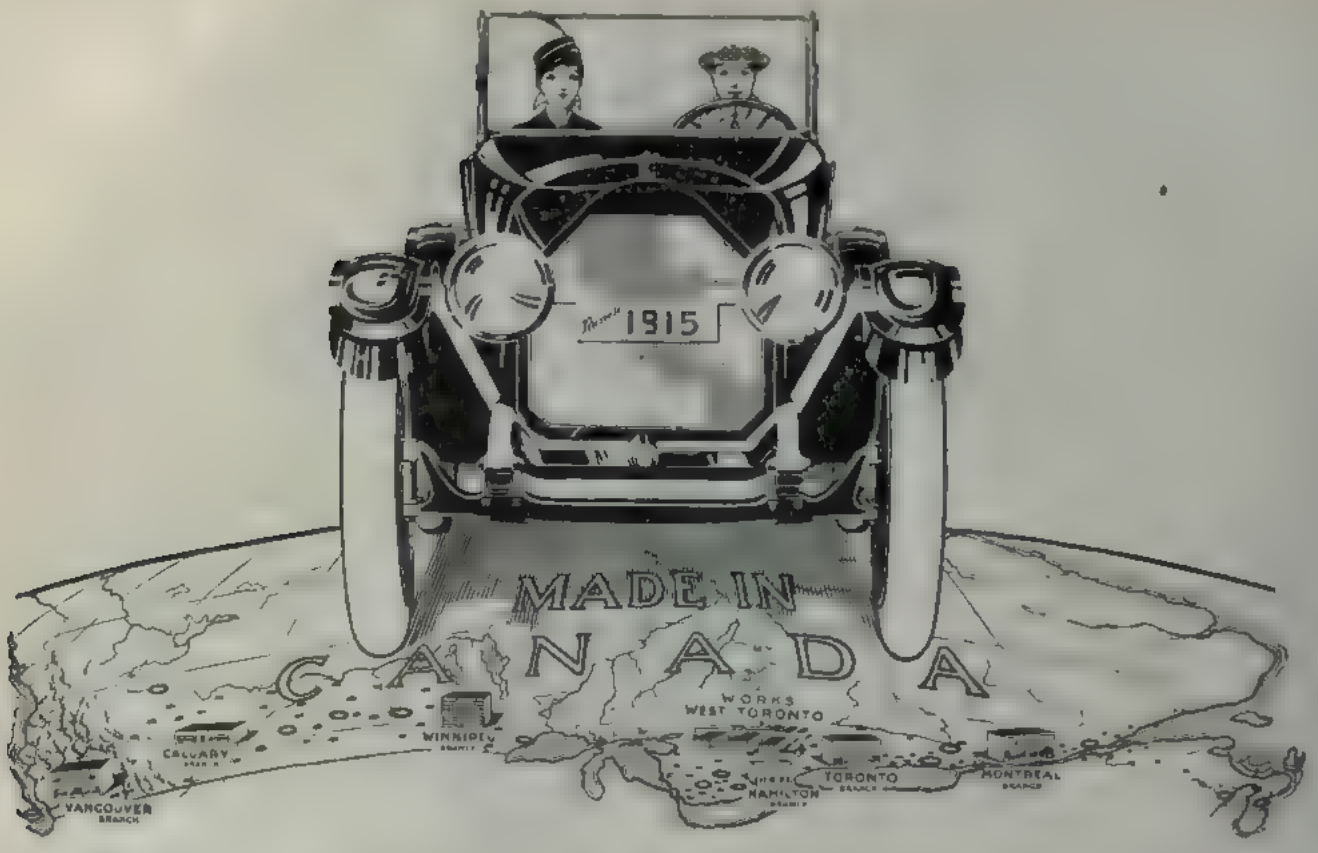
LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL
Whitest White · Stays White
In any room throughout the house the effect of white enamel is one of rich and permanent beauty. Luxeberry White Enamel is checkless, fadeless and whitest white.
Because of its hard, tough surface it is easy to keep clean. Finger marks and spots simply melt away beneath the dampened cleaning cloth.
And for floors use Liquid Granite—the waterproof varnish kiddies can't mar with little heels that pound the floor in play. The weight of heavy moving furniture won't crack it, nor scrubbing with hot water turn it white.
Liquid Granite is a high quality Varnish through and through. Like other celebrated Berry Brothers' finishes its worth and quality are the result of over 56 years' experience in the manufacture of varnishes.
You can bring this experience to bear in the finishing of your new home or the refinishing of your worn dining room floor. The advice of our experts is yours for the asking, no matter how great or small your problem may be
See our nearest dealer or write our factory direct as you prefer.
BERRY BROTHERS
LIMITED
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Established 1858
Walkerville Ontario
LIQUID GRANITE
Lasting Waterproof Floor Varnish

When Paris Went to War

Continued from page 27

me that in two days it might be impossible to get bread or meat, as supplies of every kind would be taken by the government for the provisioning of the troops and of Paris.

By this time there was a procession of flying taxi-cabs coming from Paris, all loaded down with boxes and bags, and bundles, and now and then a child's bed with the mattress flopping on the top of the canopy, wild-eyed mothers and scared children wedged in wherever there was space. Trains to Paris were already forbidden to civilians; suburban trams had stopped running. Paris was as inaccesible as if she were the other side of the world, until late in the afternoon, when I found a Paris cabby returning after depositing some refugees in the country, who condescendingly agreed to take me and



Russell Cars Guarantee Quality—Service—and Value

For every dollar you *invest* in a RUSSELL, you get a dollar of *tangible* value. ($1000 duty cannot add one cent of worth.) You get *more*. You *pay less*. You help develop a Canadian industry You increase Canada's prosperity. The production of Russell Cars gives employment to 1,500 men. Requires $2,000,000 worth of material yearly. Distributes over $1,000,000 in wages to Canadian mechanics.

More Beautiful

Latest European stream-line bodies New dome fenders Concealed door hinges Clean running-boards Double head-lights Lasting leather hoods Spare tire at rear. **Full Equipment**—Highest quality top Built-in, rain vision, ventilating windshield Demountable rims Spare rim Warner speedometer Clock. Electric horn, etc.

More Comfortable

Perfectly balanced chasses. Long three-quarter-elliptic rear springs. Ample wheel-base. Big wheels. New proven two-unit electric starting and lighting system. New instrument board complete control at finger tips Left side drive Center control Quick acting Cadillac type carburetor Coupe with doors, and adjustable front seats.

More Efficient

Latest type long stroke smooth running, high efficiency motor Metal saving weight Silent helical gears Newest type light Continental designed Russell designed Left side Channel steel frame Heat-treated steels throughout Semi-floating rear axle Worm drive Internal expanding brakes. Very low operative cost per mile.

Five reasons why YOU should drive a Russell "Made in Canada" Car:

1st The highest-quality car—at the lowest price 2nd Most comfortable—easiest-riding smoothest-running car built
3rd Built of finest materials by expert workmanship Fully guaranteed and backed by service stations from coast to coast.
4th: Made in Canada—by Canadian workmen—is a Canadian-owned-and-operated plant.
5th A vital unit in Canadian industry whose success helps to build up Canadian prosperity—which in turn helps YOU.

Ride in a RUSSELL to-day. Performance proves its worth.

Agency applications invited in open territory "6-30"--$1750 "4-32"--$2650 "6-48"--$4500 *Catalogue and full descriptive matter on request*

Works and Executive Offices
WEST TORONTO

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LIMITED.

Branches:
TORONTO — HAMILTON
MONTREAL — WINNIPEG
CALGARY—VANCOUVER

my three small pieces of hand luggage to Paris for fifteen francs ($3).

Exactly five times the regular taximeter rates, as I discovered later, but need must when snecessity drives, and I started off—to the Great Unknown. For so far as I then knew, not one friend remained in Paris, to whom I could go for advice or assistance, should the worst eventually come. At that time, there were no boats between French ports and English, no transatlantic service from either country, scarcely any hope that there would be until the war was over.

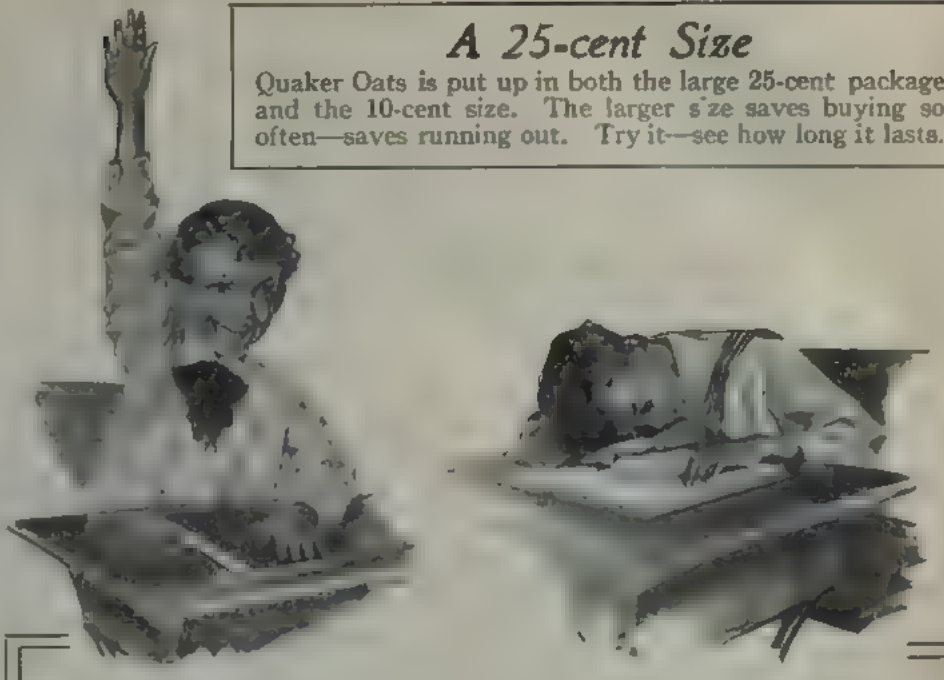
That drive from Enghien-les-Bains to Paris is one of the many unforgetable experiences of these early days of warfare. It was a glorious sunshiny day, with a silver haze in the distance, the sky a deep blue, the clouds of purest white, all the greens of trees and meadows most vivid, and soon at every turn, every open vista, the height of Old Montmartre, crowned by the beautiful cathedral of Sacre Coeur, making in its ensemble of composition, architecture, color and atmosphere, a scene to which only Turner could do justice. And through all this peace and beauty, the discordant note of panic-stricken refugees flying from danger that they feared, to a safety that was based merely on hope. Yet in spite of these, it was a route strangely deserted to one familiar with the holiday crowds of a Sunday in France, especially a perfect summer day such as this. Tram lines were but unused rails; not a vehicle was abroad with groups of merry-makers, for already every horse, every cart had become, automatically, the property of the government. Presently, along came a company of cuirassiers, in glittering breastplates and helmets, and farther on, in the shadow of the ancient basilica of St. Denis, where long lines of kings of France have been buried, and others crowned, a bugler was sounding his call

Hotels in the Champs Elysees—or tourist—section were inadvisable, I knew, for stiff rates would be much stiffer—some, indeed, raised prices five times those charged even during the season of tourist travel—but through a student club for women in the schools quarter, I found a little French hotel within a stone's throw of the Sorbonne, and almost in the shadow of the Pantheon, simple to austerity in its appointments, bourgeois in every detail, but kept by people with hearts of gold.

Monday, sensation succeeded sensation. First, in crossing the Place du Parvis Notre Dame, I looked up mechanically at the windows of the studio of some artist friends, whom I had supposed were safely settled in the country far from trouble, and to my surprise, found them open. Mounting

A 25-cent Size

Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25-cent package and the 10-cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



Some Do——————Some Don't

Get Vim-Food In the Morning

Some children go to school on Quaker Oats—perhaps five millions of them. They get all the vitality, all the energy that the greatest vim-food can supply them. Children and grown-ups all need an abundance of this spirit-giving Quaker.

You know that—all folks know it.

They get in addition a delicious dish. You serve nothing so luscious, so tempting to children as well-cooked Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

Matchless in Taste and Aroma

Quaker Oats comes in big flakes, made only from the plump and luscious grains. All the puny, starved grains are discarded. So careful are we that we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The Quaker process ncludes hours of dry heat and steam heat, which enhance the flavor. Thus we bring to the tables of a hundred nations the most delicious oat dish that's known.

You get this when you ask for Quaker Oats, and you pay no extra price. Don't you consider that worth while?

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

Overland
TRADE MARK REG

$1425
Model 80
f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario

Every Advanced Feature But no Advance in Price

¶ The new Overland has one of the most advanced and most admired body designs of the season.
¶ The new Overland has a larger tonneau.
¶ The new Overland has the most advanced and most practical type of underslung rear springs.
¶ The new Overland has the most advanced electric lighting and electric starting system.
¶ The new Overland has the most advanced ignition system.
¶ The new Overland has larger wheels and tires.

Yet in spite of these and numerous other advanced and costly features *the price has not been advanced.*

Orders are now being taken for immediate delivery.

Specifications:

Motor 35 h.p.
New full stream-line body
Tonneau, longer and wider
Upholstery, deeper and softer
Windshield, rain vision, ventilating type, built-in
Electric starter—Electric lights
High-tension magneto—no dry cells necessary
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type
Wheelbase, 114 inches
34 inch x 4 inch tires
Demountable rims—1 extra
Left-hand drive—Centre control
Body: beautiful new Brewster green finish

Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 3

The Willys-Overland of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

(*Model 80*)

Model 81 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car - $1135
2 Passenger Roadster - $1065

Model 80 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car - $1425
2 Passenger Roadster - - $1390
4 Passenger Coupe - - $2150
All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario

Model 81 Prices
Delivery Wagon with closed body - - - - - $1196
Delivery Wagon with open body $1135

the stairs, I found their plans had failed and that they, like myself, were anchored in Paris. Selfishly, I was glad, and what I would have done without them all in the trying days that followed, I cannot imagine. I had been there but a few minutes when Mr. M— entered somewhat out of breath.

"The mobs are out!" he said abruptly. "I have been dodging them all the morning. They are smashing all the Maggi Milk company's shops, all the German stores and restaurants and singing the Marseillaise — there's one now!" he broke off excitedly, and rushing to the window, we looked down from our height across the Seine to see a swirling crowd, looking scarcely bigger than gnats, battering their way into a "brasserie" across from Notre Dame, and when nothing was left of glass windows or even window frames, or furnishings or contents, swirling out again, and marching in disorderly lines to the centre of the square, breaking out into the thrilling strains of the Marseillaise. There are no words adequate to express the effect that the Marseillaise has at such a time as this. It drives men wild, and turns even an indifferent spectator into a revolutionist for the moment. There are tones in it that seem to be wrung from the very heart of a whole people. As I left, Mr. M— said,

"Keep to the broad, main streets. Avoid the narrow streets and all crowds for a day or two, until the people have had a chance to get over their Germanophobia. They would know you are a foreigner, and might not discover you weren't a German until something disagreeable had happened."

So with a little half thrill I left and made my way along the quai to the famous Boulevard St. Michel—the "Boul' Mich' " beloved of generations of students. Several blocks up the hill, on the opposite side of the street, I noticed a crowd of people, but as they appeared to be standing quietly, I thought it nothing more than a crowd reading bulletins. Just before I came up to them, however, two large motor-cars packed full of police dashed up, emptied out in the twinkling of an eye, and charged the crowd, pushing them here and there with their hands—the Paris policeman is not allowed to carry even a billy, and under normal conditions is permitted merely to tell a man to "come along," or "move on," or "behave now," and in a trice the mob was scattering like a lot of frightened sheep. Then I saw that though they might have been standing quietly when I first saw them, it was the quiet of nothing left to do. That little shop, once so clean and attractive in its spotless white furnishings was ab-

Continued on page 69

Your Enemies

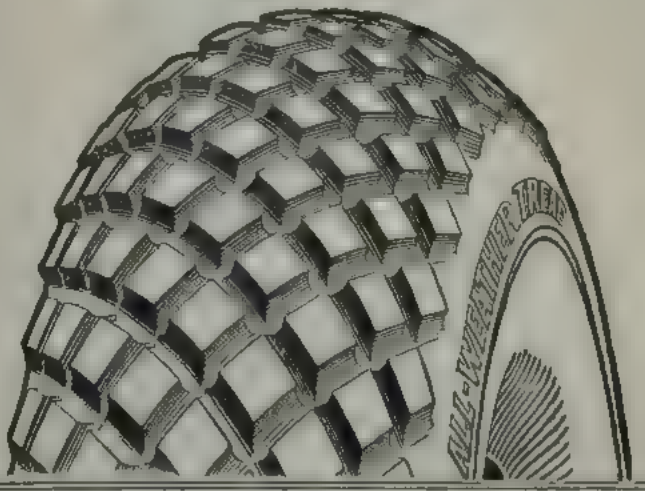
as a Tire User are

Rim-Cuts, Blow-Outs, Loose Treads, Punctures, Skidding

Note How we Combat them in

No-Rim-Cut Tires

Made in Canada.



Needless Tire Troubles

Rim-Cuts—the chiefest tire troubles—are utterly needless. They are ended completely—in a faultless way—in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Blow-Outs, in large part, are due to wrinkled fabric. Our "On-Air" cure eliminates this cause. This exclusive Goodyear process adds greatly to our own cost.

Loose Treads we combat by a patent method. Hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed in each tire, reducing this risk 60 per cent.

Punctures are minimized in our All-Weather tread. It is tough and double-thick.

Skidding is best combated by this same exclusive tread. The grips are sharp, deep, resistless. Yet the tread is flat and regular. It runs as smoothly as a plain tread.

Save These Losses

Save the avoidable troubles. Get all the safety, strength and mileage that you can. Then you have the utmost in a tire.

That is what Goodyear gives you. In the five ways cited, no other maker offers what we give.

The result is that Goodyear leads. No other tire commands such prestige or such sale.

And 18 other American and Canadian makes cost more than Goodyears.

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Tires are not alike. Only one tire made offers these great Goodyear features. Get it. Learn what it means to you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada,

Head Office: TORONTO, ONT. **LIMITED** **Factory, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.**

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

$930,000 Per Week Paid for HUDSON Cars

$235,600 Paid by Users in One Day

On September 15—the day before this is written—dealers sold to users 152 HUDSON Six-40's. That is, yesterday buyers of new cars paid out $235,600 for HUDSONS.

The average has long been $930,000 per week—because that is the limit of output We are building and selling 100 per day That is five times as many—*five times, mark you*—as we sold at this season last year. And we had no war then. Our average sales have more than trebled since August 1st.

Means That Hudsons Rule This Field

In July –when we brought out this new model—we trebled our output to cope with demand. Thirty days later—despite our best efforts—we were 4,000 cars oversold

We shipped by *express* nearly 1,000 cars to minimize delays. That is unprecedented But thousands of men waited weeks for t is car when other cars were plentiful. No other could satisfy men who once saw this new-model HUDSON Six-40

Five-Fold Increase An Amazing thing

Consider that the HUDSON has long been a leading car. Every model for years has been designed by Howard E. Coffin. He has brought out in these cars all his new advances. And the demand for his models—long before this Six-40—gave HUDSONS the lead. The first HUDSON Six, inside of one year, made us the largest builders of six-cylinder cars in the world

Think what a car this must be—this new HUDSON Six-40—to multiply this popularity by five in one year. And to do it at a time like this. Think how far it must outrank all the cars that compete with it. Think what a tremendous appeal it must make to car buyers.

Think how it attracts—how it must excel—when in times like these they pay $930,000 per week for it. And they would have paid more had we had the cars to deliver—as shown by yesterday's sales of 152 cars.

The HUDSON Six-40 is to-day the largest selling car in the world with a price above $1,800.

See the Car That Did It Howard E. Coffin's Best

Go now and see this model—the car whose record is unmatched in the annals of this line. You will see a quality car sold at a pri e which is winning men by the thousands from lower-grade cars.

You will see a class car—in many respects the finest car of the day—sold at one-third what class cars used to cost.

You will see how clever designing and costly materials have saved about 1,000 pounds in weight. And in this light car—the lightest seven-seat car—you will see one of the sturdiest cars ever built. You will see a new-type motor which has cut down operative cost about 30 per cent.

You will see new beauties, new ideas in equipment, new comforts, new conveniences. You will see scores of attractions you have never seen before.

They are all in this masterpiece of Howard E. Coffin, who has long been the leading American designer. This is his finished ideal of a car, and many count him final authority.

Mr. Coffin has worked for four years on this model, with 47 other HUDSON engineers. Part by part, they have refined to the limit every detail of the car.

This is the acceptable proven type. This lightness, beauty, economy and price are new-day standards which men are demanding. And this quality—Howard E. Coffin's level best—is the least men will take when they know

Now is the Time

Now is the time to pick out your new car. Next year's models are out now. You see what the field has to offer. And the best touring months are before you—the Indian Summer days. Get your new car and enjoy them.

If you buy a class car, this new HUDSON Six-40 is the car you'll want. The exclusive features which have won so much favor are bound to appeal to you. Your dealer will see that you get your car promptly if we have to ship by express.

Six-40 HUDSON $2,100

Five New-Styles Bodies
7-Passenger Phaeton, $2,100
3-Passenger Roadster, $2,100
3-Passenger Cabriolet, $2,375
4-Passenger Coupe, $2,900
Luxurious Limousine, $3,450
All Models quoted above f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7932 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

You need not shake this bottle

H.P. SAUCE

is so perfectly blended—there is no sediment—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

Napoleon Wins

Continued from page 13.

"Why, daddy, he's a regular, sure-for-truly, cross-my-heart, hope-to-my-die fellow."

He looked at her in affectionate wonder.

"If you had all those words in your system, I am glad you got them out," said he. "Modern language is somewhat of a shock to me, I must confess, but after all, it is not an unpleasurable shock. By the way, I formed about the same impression of your Pole Smith that you've given me. He's good to look at, and I've been remembering that wonderful grin of his all morning. It's like a drink of good wine."

"He's a perfectly grand grinner; he invented it, I think," agreed Marjorie, and they went to lunch

That evening, just before closing time, Hammond looked suddenly up from his memoranda and snapped:

"Bluffing, did you see about securing that adjoining tract of land for the extension of the Eureka Works?"

"Why—no," faltered Mr. Bluffing, "I haven't seen to it yet."

"You haven't!" roared Hammond, "Bluffing, I am going to pain you. I have threatened to myself a million times to fire you, and this time I am going to make good. Go do business with the cashier, and don't bother to come back and shake hands. Good-by. You'll find your hat upon its accustomed hook."

That evening, after having accepted the angry resignation of the girl with the straw-colored hair, the captain took a train fifteen minutes earlier than his accustomed one, and stopped at the gray cottage of the Smiths' on his way up to his own big stone residence at the end of the boulevard. In answer to his ring a very pretty brown-haired girl came to the door, and Captain Hammond, whose heart was growing younger through the day's experiences, fairly beamed upon her.

"My goodness me! And you're one of the grown-up Smith children, too, aren't you?" he said, as one just awakening to a startling discovery.

"Yes, Captain Hammond," she replied, dimpling. "I'm June. Don't you remember, you used to give us peppermint drops? You always had them in your pocket."

"Why, so I did!" he exclaimed, delighted. "My! I'd forgotten about that. I must get into the habit again I'm afraid I'm growing old. Where's your brother?"

"Oh, he's up at your house playing tennis, I think. We were just going up to join them," and she looked back over her shoulder and smiled, as a chubby young fellow of about twenty-two strolled out hatless and saluted

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Labatt's Lager

Now Perfected—The best on the market!

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MOST PERFECT MADE

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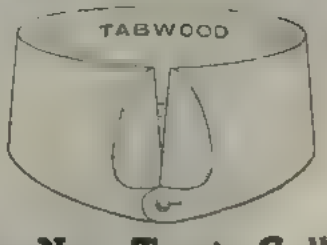
E&W RED MAN



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20c. or 3 for 50c.

SUITABLE FOR BUSINESS WEAR ALSO VERY SMART FOR DAY WEAR

A trial pair of this popular collar makes a smart addition to your Spring outfit. Ordinary collars are cut on straight lines, but the Red Man Brand collars are cut on graceful curves which differentiate the Red Man Brand from other collars.

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IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

It makes your auto look like a new machine. IOCO LIQUID GLOSS feeds the varnish, keeps it from cracking and gives it a bright, lasting lustre.

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THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto	Quebec	Regina
Ottawa	St. John	Vancouver
Halifax	Winnipeg	Edmonton
Montreal	Calgary	Saskatoon

the captain with a flourish of his hand.

"Hello, Peters!" said the captain; "you're a great one. I never see you twice with the same girl."

"Hush!" said Billy Peters in a careful burlesque of a confidential undertone. "I don't dare encourage any of them too much." And he gave a fine imitation of a man yawning.

"Some of these days, my boy," warned the captain, laughing, "you're going to be so hard hit that it will make a man of you. By the way, June, I'm suddenly so interested in all you young people that I forgot my errand. I understand that your brother is looking for a position."

"Oh, no!" she said, beaming with sisterly pride, "he found one this morning."

Then the captain, who usually tried to be most circumspect in the company of ladies, forgot himself.

"Hell!" he said.

III.

NAPOLEON SMITH had "scouted" in perhaps a dozen places before he found a good Samaritan who led him to the offices of Forsythe and Spencer, who needed a man of exactly Napoleon Smith's height and breadth and energy and grin. They called themselves promoters, did Forsythe and Spencer, although they chiefly promoted real estate deals and would follow a dollar through Hades, or until they had annexed it. Forsythe's hair, face, mustache and beard were the color of a dish of ice cream, and he looked up at one through shrewd old eyes which bored down through the soul to the pockets. He looked down through the soul of Napoleon Smith, but could not see into the pockets for a grin blocked the way.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," he quavered in his high-pitched and nasal voice, "we do need a man, but I'm afraid from what you tell me that you haven't had enough business experience."

Young Smith did a little soul reading of his own.

"Assuming that you are correct," he said, "how much money would you be willing to pay me?"

"Ten dollars a week," stated Mr. Forsythe.

Napoleon grinned. Forsythe liked that grin; he knew it had commercial value, and he waited with concealed anxiety for the answer.

"Ten dollars a week," repeated young Smith. "And what would I be expected to do?"

"Anything you're told."

"No," decided Mr. Smith. "One gets more money for that. We'll say about twenty-five dollars, and even then there'd have to be reservations."

Around the corners of Forsythe's

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

The Finishing Touch To A Perfect Meal

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL.

147

mouth there came an unfamiliar twitch, and after a hard struggle the corners turned upward.

"I see," he said "Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we leave the question of salary an open one. Suppose you work with us for two weeks. At the end of that time, we'll sit down and have a good quarrel upon the matter of pay."

"I'll take you," said Napoleon, with an alacrity which almost startled the older man.

"Come in and meet Mr. Spencer," he said, grimly. Young Smith had a disposition to be too cocksure of himself, he feared.

Mr. Spencer proved to be an iron-gray-haired man of about forty-five, who acknowledged the introduction to Mr. Smith with a grunt and dismissed him with another. But after the new employee had gone out, he said:

"He'll do. I'd break him in on showing people around the Sunnyview addition."

So it came about that Napoleon Smith was put out in Sunnyview, so called because it rained there in sympathy with every other spot in the United States, and began the Herculean task of selling building lots to prospective home seekers. The first week he was well-nigh discouraged, for, in spite of all his engaging efforts and his pleasing personality, and even despite his grin, the flock of people attracted by the Forsythe and Spencer advertising came and looked at the appalling forsakenness of the place and went away; and by Saturday noon he had only sold eight lots.

That was not the way they put it in the office of Forsythe and Spencer, however.

"What do you think of that Smith boy?" said Forsythe, rubbing his bloodless old hands together. "He sold eight of those Sunnyview stickers. It's a record for that type of place. I never thought we could get it moving."

"Keep him out there," advised Mr. Spencer sagely. "And tell him he'll have to do better if he's going to stay with us."

A hint to that effect on the following Tuesday, however, set Napoleon, heretofore humble, upon his defense.

"I'm doing the best I can, and hope to do better," he declared. "What ought my sales to reach?"

"Well—um—not less than fifteen lots," stated Forsythe, his grasping soul leaping at the idea that Smith might be spurred on to that figure.

The younger man was silent for a moment, looking into the beady little wrinkled eyes of his employer.

"How much profit do you make on those lots?" he suddenly asked.

Mr. Forsythe visibly winced.

"Profits!" he exclaimed. "Um

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Write to-day for particulars of my

FREE TRIAL OFFER

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse but I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I [illegible] the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me [illegible] give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I [illegible] like that. I was afraid [illegible] wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I [illegible] lots of [illegible] my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "[illegible]" [illegible] easy that a child [illegible] and it don't wear [illegible] long the [illegible]

It [illegible] through the meshes of the clothes [illegible] might.

So [illegible] I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. I will [illegible] offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and if you [illegible] it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer [illegible]

Are you [illegible] out of [illegible] for [illegible] in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes [illegible] over that on washwoman's wages. If [illegible] let you pay for it out of what it saves you [illegible] was till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine [illegible] has paid for itself.

Write me to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally,

Power Washers

If you have electricity or Gasoline Power available let me tell you about our 1900 Power Washers, wash and wring by electricity by simply attaching to any electric light socket—no work at all, or the same machine can be operated from a Gasoline Engine.

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BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH 10¢

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THE E. E. DALLEY CO. LIMITED,
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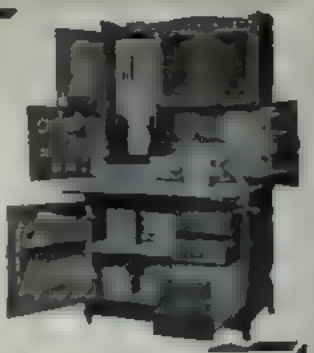
It enables the thrifty housewife to dispense with a servant, and earns its cost over and over again. Write for catalogue M, describing and illustrating the many styles.



Look for the Trade Mark

KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET
REGISTERED

Sold by best furniture stores in every town and city.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.
Hanover Ontario

you see, Mr. Smith, it's impossible to tell until we're all through, on account of advertising expenses, cost of selling, and other items, to say nothing of the heavy investment in the site."

The famous grin sprang into instant illumination, and scared the astute Mr. Forsythe nearly into heart disease.

"Yes," said the owner of the grin with calm joy, "I met the former proprietor of that land out at Sunnyview just yesterday, and he told me your exact investment. I think, Mr. Forsythe, that on Saturday night I am going to have more salary than I have mentioned; or else I may go on a commission basis."

IV.

NAPOLEON walked up on the moonlit Hammond porch and found Billy Peters comfortably located on the swinging seat with Miss Marjorie.

"Come on, Pole," said Marjorie, moving over. "There's always room for one more."

"Indeed, there's not," declared Billy, moving squarely into the center of the remaining space. "Go away, Pole Smith. I'm making love."

Napoleon regarded him for a moment with tolerant humor.

"All right, Billy," he agreed. "I think the best thing I can do, for the sake of contrast, is to let you go ahead at it. Where's your father, Margie?"

"He's in the library," she replied, laughing as he had done, at Billy Peters' drawling avowal. "But come back soon, won't you, for Billy's an awful fluffer at his chosen specialty."

As he walked away, Marjorie looked after his tall figure with appreciation.

"Isn't he a certainly fellow?" she observed.

"Declared irregular," announced Billy cheerfully. "Against the rules to ask any smitten swain to praise the deadly rival."

"Billy, Billy," she laughed. "Don't you ever think of anything serious?"

In the meantime, Napoleon sought the library where Captain Hammond, then poring over his plans for the extension of the Eureka Iron Mills arose instantly with a smile of pleasure and extended his hand.

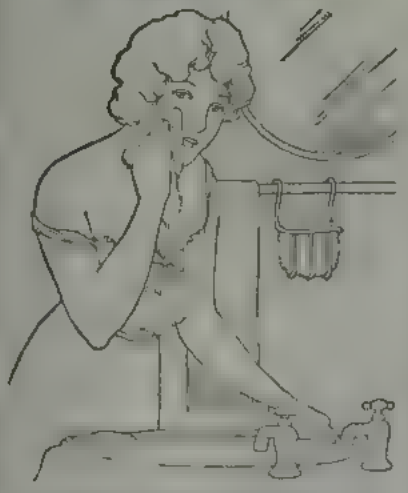
"Well, Pole," he said, unconsciously adopting his daughter's name for young Smith, "you got away from me. I made a job for you the very day you asked for it, and I've had a Dickens of a time to fill the vacancy."

"I couldn't wait," explained Pole.

"How do you like your new place?" went on the captain, offering him a cigar.

"Oh, it's interesting, though I'm not sure I'd like it for a life occupation. I'm learning something, I think; salesmanship principally. There's one queer thing I've noticed. It's wonderful how much business can be done on a small amount of ready money.

YOU NEVER TIRE OF



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I find Forsythe and Spencer are swinging that whole Sunnyview deal on an initial cash payment of a thousand dollars, mortgage notes for the balance. They bought in the land at two hundred dollars an acre, and are selling it out in building lots at two thousand. They do a big business in options, too, I've found, and they make a dollar go farther than I'd ever dreamed it could reach."

"You've only known the spending dollars," returned the captain with a smile. "A single, ordinary, spending dollar is of no more use than a safety razor at a colored picnic, but a business dollar has no time for foolishness. It works twenty-five hours a day. It's as serious as an old maid's wedding. I like to see you succeed, Smith. To do that you've got to appreciate that there's no sentiment or friendship in business. If there is, the business fails. Remember that, will you?"

"I'm not likely to forget it," replied Napoleon seriously. "It was because of such lovable weaknesses that my father failed."

"Yes," admitted the captain. "Your father always was a sentimentalist, and he lost many a good opportunity through it. I beat him out myself once in a business deal, just because of that."

"You did, eh?" said young Smith, his brows contracting a trifle.

"Oh, it was a fair and a square arrangement, where one of us had just as good a chance as the other, only I was less particular than he in taking advantage when I saw it. We parted good friends enough."

"Yes, father always was charitably inclined."

"Charitably the devil!" exclaimed the captain. "There was nothing of the sort needed in that or any other deal. The sooner you get out of your head, young man, that money has any emotions, the better off you'll be."

"I see," said Napoleon dryly.

"The quicker you see, the better," insisted the captain, dwelling upon the subject so strongly that one might think he had really almost need to defend himself. "Where would I have been if I had stopped for such considerations? As it is, I built the Eureka Iron Mills out of nothing—a little bit of a sixteen by twenty shop, where we made plain castings—to its present twenty-acre spread. Not only that, but we must have more room, large additions, too, right away. There's success for you. We need twenty acres more in which to spread, which means— By Hokey!" and the captain pounded his fist on the table, irritated by a sudden thought. "I left the matter of securing that property to young Bluffing, then I fired him and haven't turned over the job to any-

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CHICAGO MILWAUKEE DULUTH SUPERIOR

body else. I must see to it to-morrow. I'm growing neglectful in my old age."

"I suppose you have plenty of room in which to spread?" observed the younger man politely.

No, that's the dickens of it," said the captain. "We haven't. There are only two pieces of land available, and only one of them desirable."

"Where is your plant?" asked young Smith with growing interest

"Out on the Cedarpong Division of the L. & I., at Hammondville. You ought to go out some day and see the place."

"Hammondville! Why, I pass the Hammondville station every day on my way to the Sunnyview addition, but I never noticed your plant."

"No, we haven't the business advantages that we ought to have," admitted the captain; "I'm thinking of cutting away the sand ridge which shuts off the view of our factory from the railroad."

Just then the telephone bell rang, and the call proved to be for young Smith. Excusing himself from the captain, who seemed reluctant to let him go, Napoleon walked out on the porch

"For whom was the call?" asked Marjorie.

"For me, of course," declared Billy Peters. "I'll gamble it was some one of the girls calling me up. They're always bothering around me."

"No," said Napoleon abstractedly, thinking upon other matters so deeply that he had not time to reply to Billy Peters in his own banter. "The call was for me. It's from June. She wants me to come down and get her," and he started toward the gate.

"Just what I told you," said Billy triumphantly. "I wish your sister would quit following me around. You ought to speak to her about it, Pole. But never mind; you stay here, and I'll go ahead. You may try to make love to Margie while I am gone."

"Trying to make love to Margie is rather a bromide," said Napoleon. "Everybody has the same idea." Nevertheless, he sat down most comfortably and contentedly by Marjorie's side, and allowed Billy Peters to stroll negligently after his sister.

V

HAMMONDVILLE consisted of a station and three streets of well populated workmen's cottages. Beyond, reached by a wagon road and a spur track, was the Eureka plant, a low-lying collection of brick buildings which sprawled in every direction. To the front was a sand ridge; to the rear, the Sound; to the east, a stretch of level land; and to the west, an equal area which, however, was one-third marsh. As young Smith stepped into view around the turn of the road, workmen

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The Mexican Resurrection Plant is probably the most wonderful novelty in the vegetable kingdom. In its dormant condition it looks dead, dry and lifeless, but within a few minutes after being placed into water it bursts into a beautiful, dark, living fern-like plant. And it will do this TIME AND TIME AGAIN FOR YEARS. In its dormant condition it can be laid away on the shelf to dry up and remain absolutely lifeless, but at any time desired it can be revived by simply placing in water.

The Mexican Resurrection Plant grows in the wilds of the mountains of Mexico. By the Mexicans it is called SIEMPRE VIVA, which means very much the same as the English word everlasting.

As an attractive addition to the household there is nothing like it. Its marvelous qualities are more like a miracle of magic than an act of nature, and as a favor for parties, etc., it is in great demand and the cause of great interest and amusement.

The illustration gives only a rough idea of the plant when dormant and when resurrected; it can give no idea of its beautiful rich color and attractive appearance, and an average plant when open will more than fill a saucer.

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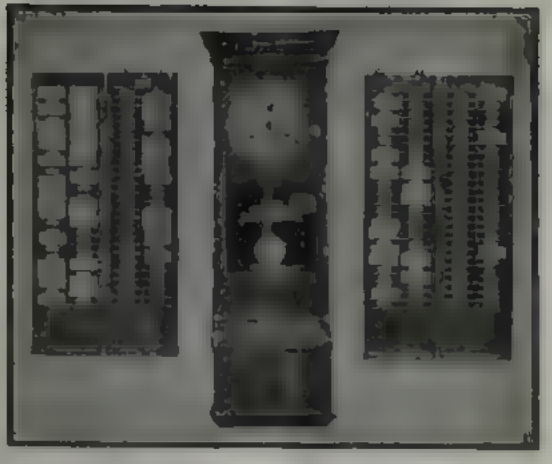

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Any system of recording the arrival and departure of employees that is dependent for its success upon the honesty and energy of a clerk is liable to go wrong.

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A Day's Record near Parry Sound.

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were removing the "for sale or lease" sign from the better tract, and Napoleon stopped to look upon this operation with a trace of annoyance.

"Quick work," he said. Then he approached the workmen. "Who's bought this place?" he asked. "Captain Hammond?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir," said the older man of the crew. "Mr. Panz told us to move the sign over to Greeneck."

Panz was the real estate agent whose name was on the board, and with a sigh Napoleon saw he had been correct in his surmise; that the captain had taken extraordinarily prompt action.

"A fool's errand," he told himself; and yet there came to him a sudden determination never to arrive at any conclusion without investigation, but in each and every case to sift his facts to the bottom. He hurried back to the station, where there was a public 'phone, and called up Panz's office.

"I understand you have a tract of land for sale at Hammondville," he observed.

"I couldn't tell you about that," said the clerk at the other end. "Who's this speaking?"

"Smith, of Forsythe and Spencer's office."

"Oh, I I'll find out about it right away, Mr. Smith." Then a moment later: "We no longer have control of that tract. It was sold yesterday."

"To whom?"

"To the Consolidated Hame-ring Manufacturing Company, which we understand intends to erect an extensive plant there."

"Good," said Smith. "Thank you," and he rang off.

So, after all, the captain, through his forgetfulness, had lost the most desirable piece of extension property, and there remained only the marshy ground.

"Who owns that piece of property to the west of the Eureka Iron Mills?" he asked the station agent.

"Mrs. McGundy," said the lantern-jawed station agent, scraping his finger nail tenderly over his nose. "She lives in that sky-blue house just to the end of the frog pond. Her husband has been dead for ten years, and she wants to go back to Ireland. She's a good-natured fat old woman with an awful temper."

These and many other bits of information the station agent proceeded to relate, all the while, however, scraping his finger nail tenderly over his nose, and Napoleon Smith listened most patiently, for he wished to know all that he could learn about Mrs. McGundy. Finally, however, the station agent switched to topics concerning himself and his own family and his past career and future prospects, an

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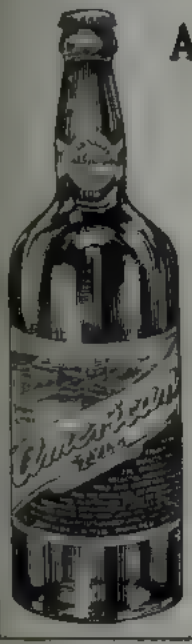

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Napoleon hurried away to the little blue house, where he found Mrs. McGundy to be a globular person cut into two hemispheres by an apron string.

"Mrs McGundy," queried Napoleon "do you wish to sell your land out here?"

"Show me the man that will buy it!" said she, and having no more opportunities to talk than the lonely station agent she started right in to make up for lost time. "I surely could part with it without breaking my heart Twenty years ago, when Jim bought it for a song, it was supposed that if we held on to it for twenty years it would be worth all the money in the mint, but in all that time never have I seen the man that would ever be wanting that land, unless it would be Captain Hammond. But he don't want it. Twice I have gone myself to sell it to him, and twice he gave me to understand that if he bought any land it would be the other piece. Last time he made me desperate angry, and I swore I never would sell it to him. You're not representing Captain Hammond?"

"No," said Napoleon briskly, "I am representing myself. What will you take for the land?"

"Well, there's twenty acres, and it's worth, Jim always said, two hundred dollars an acre. That's four thousand dollars. Give me that and I'll take the next steamer for Dublin."

"I can't give you the four thousand cash," said Smith, "but I'll give you one thousand cash, and a mortgage note on the balance, payable in sixty days. You can wait the two months for the collection of that note, or you can probably discount it."

"Let me understand that," said Mrs. McGundy.

He carefully explained to her about the mortgage note, and with each period she nodded her round gray head emphatically.

"It sounds well," she said, "and you seem like an honest boy. But before I say aye, yes, or no, I'll go in and see Mr. McShane of McShane and McShane, who was my husband's old friend; and whatever he says, I'll do Do you know Mr. McShane?"

Mr. Smith was unfortunate enough never to have had that pleasure, and he expressed himself contritely about it.

"What time does the next train go?" he wanted to know. "Can you come to town with me right now?"

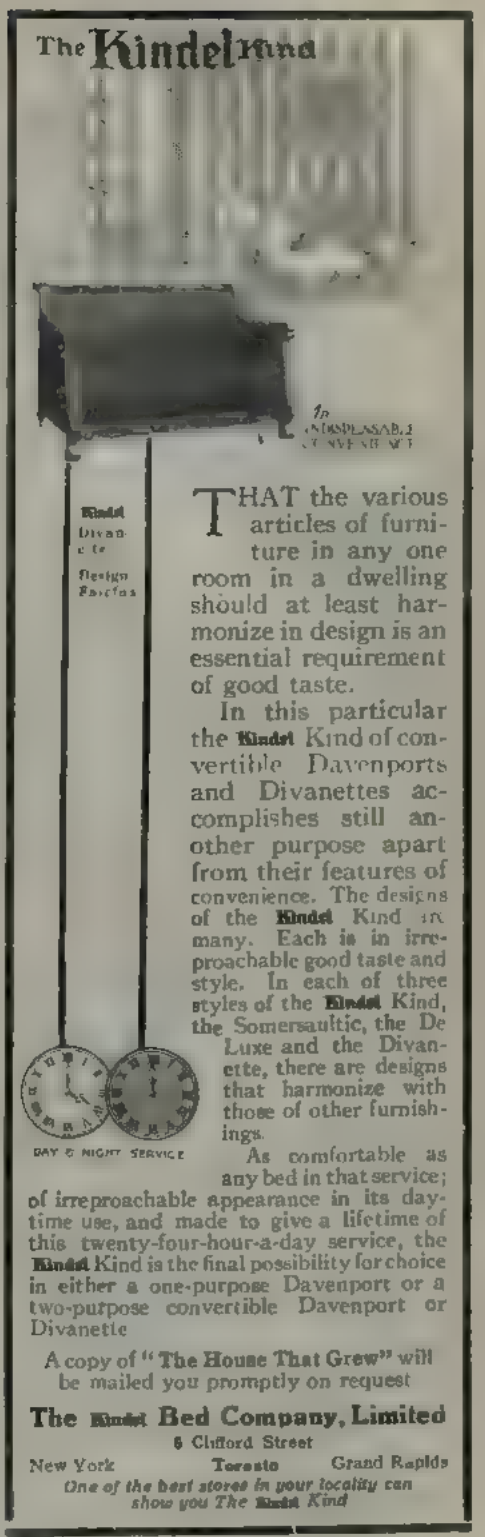
Mrs. McGundy looked him over carefully, and glanced at the clock.

"Lord love you, boy!" she said. "What a ragin' tearin' hurry you're in! Oh, well, it's been many a long day since I took a jaunting with a handsome-looking young fellow like yourself, and I think I'll treat myself to it just this once. There's a train goes in about twenty minutes. Do you go down to the station and wait, and in due time I'll come along with my best bib and tucker on."

Napoleon lost no time in getting down to the station, and lost no time, furthermore, in calling Captain Hammond by 'phone

"This is young Smith, Captain Hammond," said he. "I want to borrow a thousand dollars."

"Oh, you do?" inquired the captain. "On what security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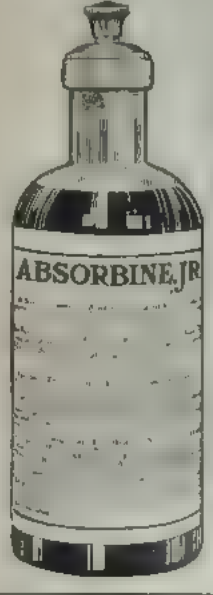

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"Mortgage on our house," returned Napoleon crisply.

"When do you want it?"

"Within an hour or so. Captain, I want you to let me have the check this morning and let me fix up the mortgage with you to-morrow."

"It isn't business, but I'll do it," agreed the captain after some hesitation. "But would you mind telling me what you want it for?"

"Oh, I have a little real estate opportunity."

The captain pondered a moment.

"You want to be careful about that," he warned. "Real estate deals are not always what they appear on the surface."

Napoleon Smith grinned sweetly into the 'phone.

"I'll guarantee this one to be all right," he confidently affirmed. "It's a piece of property that's wanted, and I'll clean up two thousand dollars on it in less than a week."

"All right," said the captain. "Of course I am not your guardian, and you're not compelled to tell me all the details of your business, only I warn you not to do anything foolish. Come into the office and get your check at any time."

Napoleon grinned so amiably as he turned away from the 'phone that the station agent, coming in at that moment, demanded to know what was funny; and the agent stood looking after him in slow wonder even after Smith had taken the train with Mrs. McGundy, who was dressed her bravest in a little black bonnet and Persian shawl and silk as stiff as sheet iron.

On the way to McShane and McShane Napoleon had Mrs. McGundy stop a moment in the lobby of the Kingston Building while he ran up to Captain Hammond's office and got his check. Still on the way, he stopped and deposited that check at the bank where he had a small account, and then was ready for business. The broad-boned old lawyer would have made the deal pompous and difficult had he been left alone, but Mrs. McGundy stopped him as soon as she saw his direction

"Stop your blatherin' and foolin' now, Terrance," she commanded. "Hurry up and finish the business with this young man. I like the cheerful face of him."

After that, Napoleon went out to Sunnyview and sold lots with particular vim and energy.

VI.

MR. FORSYTHE, having sent for his new assistant in extreme haste in the afternoon of the same day, peered up at that young man with something tigerish in the expression of his white old face

"I understand that you secured possession of a tract of land in Hammondville," said he, "and that you only purchased it this morning."

Napoleon grinned cheerfully

"All quite true," he confessed.

"Don't you know that was most unethical?" demanded Mr. Forsythe. "Why, in our employ, and upon our time, you took occasion to do some private business for yourself in our exact line!"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Smith, with no abatement of his pleasant

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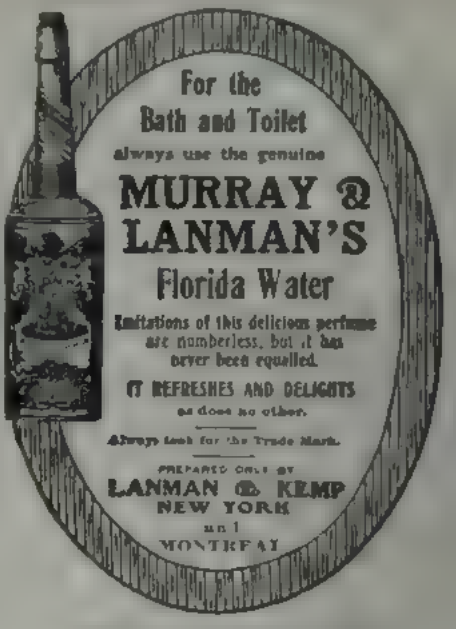

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expression. "How do you come to know about it?"

"Because Mr. Hammond called us up early this morning and commissioned us to buy that very piece of ground for him."

This time the grin of Napoleon became a laugh.

"That's almost retributive justice," he said. "I suppose Captain Hammond gave you the commission because I was employed here."

"Well, he did say something about that," admitted Forsythe grudgingly. "But the point under consideration just now is that you have been doing business on your own account, on our time, and in our line, which we cannot permit."

The grin of Napoleon was positively radiant now.

"You said that before," he gently reminded Forsythe. "Do you think I ought to turn it over to you?"

"Well not exactly that," said Mr. Forsythe. "But as our employee, you are bound to consult our interests. As our employee we couldn't recognize you in this deal, but there's one thing we can do; we can admit you into partnership in this particular transaction. Captain Hammond has commissioned us to secure this piece of property, which he imagined could be purchased for four thousand dollars. You have purchased it, and I presume intend to sell it to him at an increased price. Now, we might arrange to fix the price between Forsythe and Spencer and yourself, and you and us split the profits."

Napoleon paused for an extra special grin.

"No I resign," he stated. "That's a still better scheme. Now I'll sell you that land for six thousand dollars, cash."

In vast pain Mr. Forsythe eventually was compelled to call up Mr. Hammond, and inform that gentleman that the land for his extension would cost him the modest sum of six thousand dollars.

"Buy it," directed Hammond. "It's my own fault for not having seen to it a long time ago."

"I might add," said Mr. Forsythe with a malignant glance at his ex-employee, "that the property in question is at present owned by young Smith, formerly in our employ, but to-day resigned."

"Smith!" exclaimed Hammond. "Is he in your office now? If he is, put him on the 'phone." And as Mr. Forsythe indicated the captain's desire to Napoleon, he could hear the captain, at the other end of the wire, saying to himself: "Well, I'll be damned!"

"Look here," demanded the captain of young Smith, "did you actually have the nerve to borrow that thou-

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sand dollars from me this morning to buy the very piece of property you knew I wanted, so as to compel me to pay you a two-thousand-dollar profit on the loan?"

"That's right, Captain," admitted Napoleon cheerfully.

"Well, Smith, don't you think that was a little ungrateful and unfriendly? Don't you think you stepped over the bounds of both business and social ethics?

"By no means," said Napoleon. "You told me yourself, just the other night, that business knows no friendship, and that a dollar has no sentiments or emotions. I want this two thousand dollars, and intend to have it. It's as unsentimental and unemotional a block of money as there is in the world. Want this property at six thousand?"

"Of course I do, you young pirate," said the captain. "Tell Forsythe I'll send him a check for his commission, then you come over here and settle up with me. I'll have my lawyer here and tell him to watch you."

"All right," laughed Napoleon. "I'll be right over, thank you."

"Thank nothing!" snorted the captain. "I ought to have you arrested."

That night as the captain sat in the library, Marjorie came in to use the telephone, and paused behind her father's chair to pull his ears.

"Who's that you have with you on the porch, Margie?" he asked.

"Pole Smith," she informed him. He says he made two thousand dollars in one deal to-day."

"Yes, confound it, he did!" exploded the captain. "He made it out of my pocket and borrowed my money to do it with."

Her laugh upon that was delicious; so much so that the captain stopped to listen to it in positive joy, all his annoyances of the day forgotten.

"I guess I'm a lemon," he confessed, laughing with her.

"A nickel's worth of them," she agreed, twisting two corkscrews in his gray hair. "I should think that a shrewd old business tiger like you would feel humiliated to have a mere youngster like Pole Smith come along and eat him all up."

The captain smiled grimly.

"To tell you the truth, Margie, that's exactly the point which peeved your poor old father. I don't mind the loss of the money so much as having a youngster like that beat me. But in spite of myself, I forgive him for it. He's a fine chap, young Smith is."

She slipped her arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"A fine chap? Just finding it out? Daddy, daddy, daddy! You don't keep up with the news very well, do you?"

Margie Fiske

Continued from page 17.

"Aw—kid—" he said softly, "you're all tired out. Look at me, why don't you? You're all in, Marg."

It was the first intimate, real you-an'-me word she had heard since Beryl left. To be sure he didn't mean it, clear down, soul-deep. She knew that. But God! how good it was.

Somehow Margery found herself talking—the office, the factories, the housekeepers, down to Miss Etta herself, everything came tumbling out. He sympathized with her fiercely, understandingly she thought, sympathized with her when she was right and when she was wrong.

After she finished, they dropped into silence.

The darkness slid deeper over the park.

Suddenly he stirred.

"What's that in your glove, kid?" he asked unevenly, "your key?"

There was a change in his voice. Margie had all along subconsciously expected it. This straight human sympathy that Beryl might have given couldn't last.

She braced herself to meet the pull, but there was no spring left. There had been so many Waterloos in the past week.

Had she looked up above the park lights, up, up to the strange little silent stars that she used to see through the apple tree at home, perhaps things might have been different—had she thought of that far-off God who had nothing whatever to do with mottoes—

But she was too tired.

"Aw, say," said the man huskily, his arm tightening," "couldn't we go up to the flat and—get a cup of cocoa, kid?"

When Paris Went to War

Continued from page 55.

solutely nothing but a shell. Bottles of milk had been smashed to bits; the great copper separator torn to pieces, like so much cloth, heedless of damage to fingers and hands, which dripped blood, while butter and eggs had been trampled in fury under foot. Chairs, desk, refrigerator, counters—all were reduced to splinters, and in a corner cowered a woman, her natty cap awry, her white apron torn and streaked, her hair disheveled. The crowd had wrecked its will, there was nothing for the police to do—and they did it. Rather roughly conducting the fainting woman to one of the motor-cars, all piled in, and dashed off, leaving the "mob" still there, without having made any attempt to find out the ringleaders and arrest them. We surmised a few days later when strict military rule was inaugurated, that the authorities had thought it wise to permit the mobs a little leeway for the first few days, just to get the Germanophobia out of their systems.

During these days, too, there was other danger from the mob spirit. Provision shops were attacked and sacked, under the charge that the owners had raised prices prohibitively. These mobs were severely handled, and many arrests made, while the episodes called out placards politely informing the people that it was "not necessary" to attack any shopkeeper charged with lifting prices; that a complaint at the nearest commissariat of police would have immediate investigation as the government would not permit any undue raising of prices on food stuffs.

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When Paris was proclaimed in a state of siege and martial law announced, foreigners were ordered to register and obtain a "*permis de sejour*," on the third and fourth days of mobilization. I know that mobilization went off like clockwork, but I must say that this matter of registration of foreigners was abominably slipshod.

In time of peace, even, the French are over-fond of bearing down heavy with any little brief spell of authority. Under martial law, then, it behooved a foreigner to expect all sorts of complications, all kinds of contradictory instructions, all of which he must obey implicitly, cheerfully and without comment of any sort, no matter what the expense in fatigue or useless and unnecessary goings-about. First, we were told that we must register at the Prefecture of Police—across the square from Notre Dame. This sounded likely, as it was a stone's throw from the studio of the M's. and not far from my hotel. At the same time, it seemed altogether too easy to me, knowing as I did from long experience, the utter inconsequentiality of the French in an emergency. Before the third day of mobilization dawned, we had received word to go to the Place d'Italie—almost to the western boundary of Paris, anything but a pleasant prospect with no trams in service, nor any subway line. But ours "not to reason why"—and at seven o'clock the next morning, Mr. M— and I arrived there—to find several hundred others—mostly workingmen of the lowest type, already waiting in three lines, two of which could not be right, and in case no police appeared to keep order, would be provocative of a riot. The doors would not open until nine o'clock—for at no time did the authorities think it worth while to add to the regular staffs at the various police stations, or to keep longer hours. We waited an hour, the crowd rapidly growing behind us, as well as at the ends of the other two lines, all crowding slowly, but relentlessly forward, like the inevitable creeping up of quicksands, and as the crush grew worse, a certain nasty temper also developed. It was not at all reassuring, and knowing there was still another day, Mr. M— advised dropping out, and coming again the next morning, at four o'clock, in order to "get right up against the door" as he expressed it, and be the first ones admitted.

But that evening at eight o'clock, Mr. M— came to say we had been transferred to the commissariat of my arrondissement, only a few minutes' walk distant, that the office was to keep open all night, and he thought it well to go down about midnight, and

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Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.

Children Teething

Mothers should give only the well-known

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE MARK

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 30 Powders

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.
MANUFACTORY: 125 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

then we would be able, probably, to get in about two o'clock in the morning, thus avoiding a long, all day wait. Fortunately we decided to reconnoitre and discovered that the office would close at ten o'clock, and that the police would not permit any more to form in line.

"You must be here by four o'clock to-morrow morning, sure," said Mr. M— as he left me at my door. "Now, don't oversleep."

But, somehow I did; and it was twenty minutes to five when I arrived at the commissariat. Already there was a crowd there, and my place was seven rows from the front where Mr. M— stood, the lines never being single file, as with us, but packed solidly the width of the walk. Mr. M— decided that it would be better for him to keep the place he had, get his own "*permis de sejour*" first, and then take my place until he could get to the door again, for he knew well that I never could stand the last hour or so of relentless, killing crush. I had had coffee and rolls before leaving the hotel. I had bread in my bag —and I had also the determination to get through somehow without making complaint, or showing the white feather in any way.

About half past six, I began to feel faint. I took out the unbuttered bread in my bag and began to munch it slowly. It revived me for a time and then Mr. M— seeing I was feeling the ordeal, brought me a tumbler of wine, which he bought from a man standing beside him, who had a full bottle. About eight o'clock, feeling that I was reaching my limit, with still another hour before the doors would open, and then more delay in getting to the door itself, I began to count. Very slowly and deliberately I pronounced the numbers; when I reached the hundreds, I pronounced the full number. I had gotten up to five thousand and was beginning to wonder what next I could do, when it began to rain, and I had other things to think of. People who had umbrellas and those who by crowding closer, could get under them, were satisfied; those on whose shoulders and hats the umbrellas dripped, growled menacingly. At any moment, the dissatisfaction might have broken out into a general fight. There had already been various disorderly scenes, windows had been broken; in a surge forward I had been pushed to the outside, into the gutter, where I slipped in the running water which the street sweeper had set loose under my very feet, and fell upon one knee. Not a hand was lifted to help me up; not an inch of the space that I had lost was given back.

And when at last the door was opened, only six from the waiting throng were permitted to enter at a time. It was ten-twenty before Mr. M— could relieve me, and my muscles were so strained from having stood so long that it was several minutes before I could walk. It was exactly two hours longer before Mr. M— again reached the door, and I could enter. With all the determination in the world, it would have been a physical impossibility for me to have attempted to hold my place in that pitiless mob during the last hour. Tough, wiry Italian peasant women screamed with agony, and fought for a chance to breathe, while the tempers of the men rose every minute, and the police were kept alert to quell incipient fights.

Including this "*permis de sejour*", my papers now consisted of a regular passport (for getting which I had been laughed at, when I left America) a birth certificate which the consul had given me a year before, a certificate of domicile from the concierge of my

TONIGHT—Your skin *can* be made more attractive!

Whatever the condition of your skin you can begin tonight to make it more charming.

Like the rest of your body your skin is continually changing. As the *old* skin dies *new* forms. Every day in washing you rub off dead skin. *This is your opportunity.* You can make this new skin fresher, clearer, and more attractive by using the following treatment regularly.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to the face and rub it into the pores thoroughly always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Begin tonight to get the benefits of the above treatment for your skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that lovelier complexion the regular use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.* Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

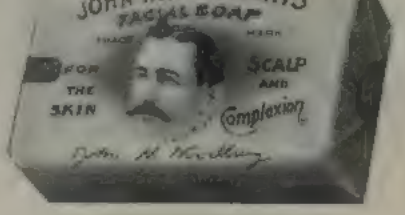
For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for sample

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder.

For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 41 V Perth, Ontario.



Big Ben

His Back

LOOK Big Ben square in the back—he's good all round and good all through. If 'handsome is as handsome does' — Big Ben's beauty is more'n skin deep.

See those great, strong, handy keys that make his *wind up* so easy—and the broad, deep-toned bell he sounds, so your *get up* is pleasing.

His best backing is that "*Made by Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.*"—Stamped on a clock, it's the best oversleep insurance you can buy.

Big Ben stands seven inches from tip to toe—big, faithful, exact with large, clean cut hands, plainly seen in the dim morning light.

He rings you up at any time you say—steady for five minutes or, on and off for ten—stops short in either call at a nudge from you.

His price in the States is $2.50; in Canada $3.00. If your dealer doesn't stock Big Ben, a money order addressed to his makers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, brings him to your door postpaid

$100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned unprofitable Ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc.

Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

CANADA MONTHLY .·. TORONTO, ONT

hotel, and on the back of the "*permis de sojour*", the necessary form to permit my leaving France. And during all the succeeding days, until I finally bought my ticket for Havre, to leave France, I never was required to show one of my papers! So much trouble, so much physical inconvenience, so much anxiety for measures of identification that were never put to the proof! After the first ebullition of the mob spirit Paris settled down to perfect calm. In tourist Paris, two-thirds of the shops were closed, but in French Paris, life went on, to the casual observer, almost as usual. Nearly all the little shops were open, the women went every morning to market, returning with bursting market-baskets, and in some cases, even with the bunch of flowers of which the French are so fond. The street sweepers went about their occupations as regularly as ever, swishing their rude brooms in the clear running water, as lazily as if no cataclysm had turned things upside down; fountains played at the customary hours; mothers took their children, as usual, to the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, where the little ones indulged, quite as usual, in the little hot cakes baked under their noses, and which look like waffles, but are light as thistledown and crispy as fresh toast, and everywhere, mothers and nurses sat quietly about, their fingers busy with the inevitable embroidery or crochet work.

And yet, with all this brave show of going about its business as usual, it was a sadly changed Paris, a pitiful travesty upon the lovely lively city that I had known so well. Gone were the hundreds of motor-busses, and dozens and dozens of the taxi-cabs and fiacres; gone were the myriad hucksters' carts, piled high with appetizing fruits, and vegetables or aglow with great piles of flowers. Gone were the fashion parades, all frivolous dress on the boulevards; gone all the novelties from the counters in what stores were still open, and gone was every cart horse, every delivery van, and at night, more noticeable still, gone by eight o'clock, were the little tables and chairs on the sidewalks outside the cafes—all the terrace life which for generations has been so typically a part of Paris, so intimately a part of the life of the sedate, plodding Parisian, as well as of the "boulevardier."

And yet, shorn of all these outward signs of her fabled glory, it was still a wonderful Paris, a Paris to be cherished and loved and crooned over, a Paris of which one was proud to the point of tears, a Paris that one who knew it can never forget, a Paris that one is honored to have known, a Paris which has never been greater, even at the zenith of national glory.